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THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1905

No. 18.



THE MIRROR

SAINT LOUIS



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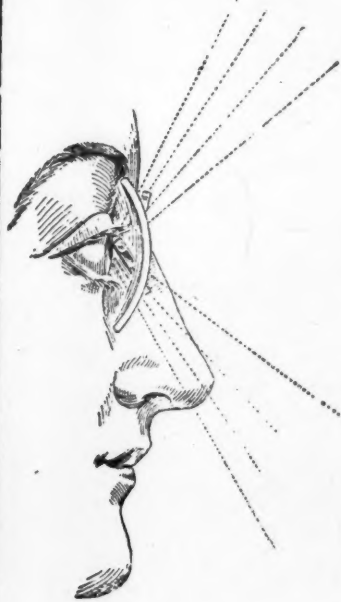
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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The "Key of Wall Street" and a Key to the Rights of Man

By William Marion Reedy

LAST week, Messrs. Lorenzo E. Anderson and Festus J. Wade, of the Mercantile Trust Company, representing a syndicate of sixteen St. Louisans, bought the property on the southeast corner of Broadway and Wall street, New York City, for \$700,000. The transaction was hailed as a big one, not only in St. Louis, but in New York, and has been commented upon by every great newspaper in the country. St. Louis is, of course, delighted that two of its young and popular financiers should have captured the "key of Wall street" right under the noses of New York's big realty operators, and the more so as Mr. Wade and the Mercantile Trust Company only a short time ago stirred the country up by the capture of a big Philippine bond issue. St. Louis is getting to be an active factor in Gotham finance. It is becoming somewhat of a financial center itself, and its business men are mixing it with the moguls and magnates who manipulate millions like small boys' marbles in the shadow of Trinity's steeple. This "key of Wall street" transaction is interesting from many points of view. It has many and important bearings and significances, but it is an important economic fact before all things else, and to the proper appreciation of its importance a perusal of the New York Sun's editorial on the subject will contribute illuminatively, for this corner lot which the St. Louisans have bought is related to the whole story of the progress of the metropolis, and of the country. Follows, here, the Sun editorial:

In 1780 the property at the southeast corner of Broadway and Wall street was sold for £1,000, a handsome price for those days; but in 1827 it brought more than three times as much, or \$18,725. At the death, in 1901, of Benjamin Douglas Silliman, a famous lawyer of New York, the then owner, the value of the property was estimated at \$500,000. In 1904 it was assessed on the tax list at \$535,000. On Tuesday (June 6th), it was sold for \$700,000; yet it is a small piece of land, only about 30 by 39 feet, and the price paid for it is therefore about \$600 a square foot. This is equivalent to about \$1,500,000 for a full city lot of 25 by 100 feet. The attorney for the purchaser speaks of it as "the most valuable piece of real estate in the whole world." At any rate, it has been bought at what is probably the highest price ever paid for land of corresponding area in the world.

The history of the rise of this property in salable value during a period of about a century illustrates the history of the growth of New York in population and financially. In the June *Bulletin* of the American Geographical Society is a paper which traces the development of "the great roads across the Appalachians," beginning in the last decades of the eighteenth century, to which the city of New York owed the impetus which more than doubled its population between 1800 and 1820, and in the ten years thereafter nearly doubled it again. Washington had looked for the focusing of the trade of the west on the Potomac River, and the now decayed Alexandria was to compete for the trade of the Great Lakes.

Then came the advent of the Erie Canal, whose construction was advocated as a means of giving New York an advantage over New Orleans in the trade of the country northwest of the Ohio River. Better connections with the West had also given Philadelphia and Baltimore a great part of the Western trade. The Erie Canal, begun in 1817, was finished eight years afterward. It was a project advocated by Gov. Clinton, but was laughed at even during the course of its construction. Jefferson thought it might be made a successful project a hundred years later, but then it seemed to him preposterous. The farmers along its route jeered at the engineers.

Then came the era of railroads, the development of which we need not describe. Coincident with this

development came the great foreign immigration, in consequence of which, largely, the population of the city of New York increased more rapidly than ever before—from 312,710 in 1840 to 515,547 in 1850 and 805,651 in 1860. It was during this period that dread of the coming of so many foreigners gave rise to the Know Nothing movement. The country was going to be ruined by so rapid an increase of the foreign born population, the native American element thought.

Up to 1840 this immigration had been relatively small, or less than seven hundred thousand since 1820. Between 1840 and 1850 it was about a million and a half, and in the next decade it rose to more than two millions and a half. The country is being swamped with foreigners, was the cry; our political institutions and our religion are in peril. But the foreigners kept coming in. Between 1860 and 1870 about two millions and a half arrived, and still more in the next ten years. Then all past records were far distanced. Nearly five and a quarter millions came over between 1880 and 1890, and since then the number has been increased to nearly eight millions; and this year the immigration will be the greatest in our history.

The same old cry of fear of the foreign stream is raised, and Congress will be called on for drastic legislation to check it. The Chinese are already excluded, and now rises a demand for the exclusion of the Japanese. The Italians, whose immigration is now greatest in volume, are distrusted; yet as soon as they land their labor is sought for. The Jews are coming over too fast, in the opinion of many patriots. The races now arriving are said to be less desirable than those which came over in past periods of large immigration; but the outcry is not so loud as was that against the Irish who landed here between 1840 and 1850.

Meantime, New York is growing in every way with more rapid strides than ever before. The State census now being taken will probably enumerate a population of four millions and more, or a gain since 1900 of about six hundred thousand.

Where would New York be now except for the foreigners who have come to it during the last sixty years? Except for them, would land at the corner of Wall street and Broadway be selling at six hundred dollars a square foot and be the most valuable piece of real estate in the world?

What made and makes the value of this "most valuable piece of real estate in the world," this "key of Wall street?" Anything that Benjamin Douglas Silliman did, or is doing, to the property? Certainly not! Anything any individual has done? No. On the contrary, the owners of the property, especially of late years, have done nothing with it or to it—except hold it. The land is occupied by a rookery, a shanty, almost. All around the property have sprung up the great skyscrapers of New York, buildings with the populations of towns of good size, buildings worth millions, buildings housing hundreds of millions of money and men who sway with their means the destinies of nations. A million feet patter past it daily. This corner has been practically unimproved. Every dollar of its value is due to some effort other than that of its owner. It is valuable because of the number of feet passing it each day, because of the improvement put upon neighboring land, because of the famine and oppression in the old world, because of a canal that is now effete, because of railroads that are scarcely reckoned among the great systems, because of a great war in which the nation shed its best blood. This "key of Wall street" in its value represents the value given it by all the forces of the world for a century and more, and the least force of all was the force of the man or the family that the other day, received for it \$700,000, made in a city

that was but a trading post when the property was rated at £1,000. Upon that \$700,000 the Silliman heirs received the increment for years—increment actually unearned, or rather, earned by the other men living and dead, far and near, who did the things in the doing of which the corner's value was created. Who owned that land? The people, not the Sillimans. It was practically not in use. Its value depends, and depended upon the use of other land, on the use of the land by the Irish navvies who dug the Erie Canal, on the work on the land of the same forces that built the B. & O. Railroad. The community makes the value.

Does the community profit? Not as much as it should proportionate to its share in the value-making. The tax on this piece of property is not what it should be, although the New York tax of \$535,000 valuation is nearer the right figure than it would be in St. Louis. The community does all the work; the owner sits down and takes the money. This unimproved property benefits by the improvements which other men have made on other property. The men who improve their property pay a like tax to the one paid by the man who doesn't, and also pay for the improvements. The workers are made to pay for the drones. The useful pays for the unused property. To argue that this is a rank injustice were a waste of time.

What was sold in "the key of Wall street?" Only the land. The land there means opportunity. It is where the people congregate. It is where other more progressive owners have made conditions compelling the people to congregate. The land is the only value, plus the people around it. The public therefore makes the value, and the public should reap its share of the value it makes. Does the public get what the owner gets, proportionately, out of the value? Not at all.

The land belongs to all the people, and it is only what all the people directly or indirectly do before it or about it, or upon it, that gives it value. The building on "the key of Wall street" counted for nothing in the sale. The greater buildings on neighboring land in that region count for nothing. The land is the thing—it is the fundamental thing of value, and only the people give it value. Its value is a collective value. The profits should be collective. Indeed, as the *Sun's* editorial shows, and as Carlyle said, the land is not the property of any one man, or of any one generation, but of all the past generations that have worked

on it, and of all future ones that shall work on it. Silliman never rightfully owned No. 1 Wall street. The St. Louis Syndicate of Sixteen doesn't rightfully own it exclusively. It belongs to all the people, and they should profit by its use. Every immigrant reaching this country's shore increases the value of that piece of land, and the profit goes to the syndicate.

The \$700,000 represented by the land belongs to all the people. Even the *Sun*, anything but anarchistic, proves the case. Private property in land, except on a basis of adequate compensation of the public for its private use, is a wrong. The wrong can only be righted by taxing the land thus held. All wealth traces back to the land. It is the basis of all property. It belongs to the children of men for their use. Tax the land as it should be taxed for public value, and the tax would tap and touch all wealth equitably. Tax the land and there will be no land out of use, since unused land will not pay. Tax the land, and only that land which a man can use will be held by him; thus, all men will come into a share of the land. The rent of the soil should be paid to the nation in taxes. If all other taxes were abolished, every industry based upon the land, every franchise, every security, every other form of property, all of them basing on the land in the last analysis, would be freed of burden.

The "key of Wall street" sale to the enterprising St. Louisans is a great object lesson in land values and their origin. It is a demonstration of the utter fallacy of private ownership. It is a typical instance of a universal and eternal law of economics, of life itself—that the land is the property of all the people. That this particular piece of ground pays taxes on a valuation near to that at which the St. Louisans secured it, only proves that in New York city the people come near to getting a share in its value, though not by any means a share that is just as compared with what goes to the men who have held it for more than a century, and realized upon the value given it by the people. Behold in the *Sun* editorial what mighty forces of the people have been working—since 1780, since 1492, since Creation—to make the \$700,000 value now held by Messrs. Anderson and Wade and their St. Louis syndicate of sixteen. Their stroke of enterprise is great business. It is more. It is a great demonstration of the metaphysical and moral truth of the Single Tax theory of land.

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

To Hell With Such Reform.

O WONDERFUL Reform! A number of worthy German citizens, founded an old folks' home—Altenheim. They arranged a festival to raise funds for the home's maintenance. A feature of this festival was a wheel of fortune, at which, for a small sum to swell the charitable fund, the people could take a chance on the spindle pointing to some prize. The police stepped in and stopped the wheel. It was a gambling device. One of the police said, "it was the Governor's orders." The good German people were terrorized by the raid. They closed down the wheel. Their festival had been branded as lawless, their gathering treated as a crowd of gamblers. And all over the city crap games are running, and hand books and professional poker games, and policy games. Furthermore, the fortune teller at the festival was suppressed, because she had no license to practice her profession. Again, beer was being dispensed, and an attempt was made to stop that, but the Altenheim had secured a license, and

the beer was not stopped. The good, kind Altenheim people were treated as no club of hoodlums, toughs, chippies and grafters had been treated. An entertainment for charity was given a jolt that has never yet been administered to any of the city's joints called clubs. A number of decent citizens engaged in a blessed work, were terrorized and humiliated. All by the Governor's orders. This is reform—to the limit. Or, maybe, someone is running the Police Department of set purpose to make the Governor unpopular. Anyhow, the Altenheim police raid was an insult to the good German Americans, an outrage upon people engaged in a charitable work, a travesty upon law, a disgusting and brutal invasion of private rights. If this be Reform—to Hell with Reform.

♦♦

E. G. Lewis Still Under Fire

SECRETARY OF STATE SWANGER has been too lenient in his dealings with Mr. Lewis of the People's United States Bank. In taking for granted that his recommendations for safety of the bank's funds would

be carried out in a reorganization he was ingenuous to a degree unprecedented in such cases. His letter, which Lewis used as a certificate of the bank's soundness, was a mistake. It was the sort of letter which E. J. Arnold, Baldy Ryan and other get-rich-quicksters got from the venal post-office officials giving color of legality to their robbing schemes. Mr. Swanger was trapped by a trickster in the matter of the letter. Mr. Swanger should look out for other traps and tricks in evasion of his insistence upon a proper security for the loans which Lewis, as president of the bank, made to himself and his other enterprises. Lewis is a smart man. He has been in the "con" business a long time. He has hopes of conning the postal department into not issuing a fraud order against him. The postal authorities will do well to look up the relations between Lewis and certain former employes in the local post office. A careful inquiry will show that Lewis got very close to the late postal inspector, Dyce, and that Lewis possibly knew every time an inspection was due at his office. Lewis had a great drag on the local post office in the days of Baumhoff, and was a Baumhoff supporter. At one time he had mail weighers in the post office employ on his pay roll. It has been shown that Lewis gave a watch to one Barrett, for courtesies and favors in inspection during the days of Tyner, Beavers, Machen, et al. Lewis got his boom during the Baumhoff regime, here, and having a relative of Dyce in his office, was always ready for a visit from the inspectors. However Lewis may confide Secretary of State Swanger, he cannot now get next the postal department. It is too bad that Mr. Swanger was guileless enough to trust Lewis and write the letter which Lewis advertised as an official guarantee of the bank, because it looked so much like the Barrett letter, authorizing the Arnold-Ryan schemes, that evil-minded persons might think it was secured by influences easily imaginable. Furthermore, it gave Lewis a certain leverage to work on in Washington. It is hinted that "Cascarets" Kramer, of Indiana, is to help Lewis at the National capital through his pull with Vice-President Fairbanks and Senator Beveridge, but "pulls" are no good at Washington now, however strong they were in the Tyner, Beavers, Machen days when Lewis was investigated as to his *Woman's Magazine* before. Also Kramer of "Cascarets," and Mr. Thomas of Lord & Thomas, Chicago, having heavy advertising to dispense to the great publishers, and being interested with Lewis, are expected to bring newspaper influence to bear in his behalf at Washington to prevent his magazine being barred from the mails as second-class matter. He has been working along that line. Lewis is a resourceful fellow, and he has plenty of help, but nothing has helped him so much as the leniency of Secretary of State Swanger in letting him go ahead with his bank scheme on a promise to comply with the State's requirements, which promises have not been kept. Lewis, too, is forcing some support in financial quarters with a threat to sue the Missouri-Lincoln Trust Company for throwing out his cheques when he had money in that concern. Lewis' relations with the Missouri-Lincoln Trust Company have been very close. That concern was considered as almost standing sponsor for him and his schemes. He let that concern handle his money, and he is sore that it should turn down his cheques when he got into trouble with the authorities. If he should enter proceedings against the Missouri-Lincoln Trust Company there may be some interesting revelations as to just how much such a concern cares for the source of the funds entrusted to it or the character of a man who has such funds if it can take a little profit in the handling of the

moneys. A trust company that isn't particular about the sort of wild-cat schemes and schemers it apparently fosters, is not one that deserves much confidence of the public. A trust company whose officials condemn the criticism of a bank scheme like that of Lewis is one whose officials' ideas of banking would not appear to be such as to warrant great faith in their official perspicacity. And now Lon V. Stephens and W. F. Carter, both Missouri-Lincoln directors, are in the new board to manage the bank. Ex-Gov. Stephens' name has been used extensively by Lewis in booming his bank. The tie between the People's United States Bank and the Missouri-Lincoln Trust Company seems to be a hard and fast one.

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Hint to a Hero

JIMMIE BURKE, the captain of the Cardinals, is now the city's hero. Mr. Burke is delivering the goods in baseball, and this is the greatest baseball town on earth. If Mr. Burke continues his successful captaining we may expect a popular movement for the tearing down of Chris Von der Ahe's antemortem statue in Bellefontaine Cemetery and the substitution of a golden effigy of Jimmie. But if the luck goes against Jimmie—'raus mit 'im. The Cardinal captain should remember the fate of Miles and Dewey and Schley and Sampson and Hobson and other heroes, and restrain any budding propensities to chestiness.

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A Folk Special Session

INDICATIONS point to an extra session of the Legislature, at which, among other important matters, the work of putting William J. Stone out of the way of succeeding himself as United States Senator will be inaugurated. Whether Mr. Stone's successor will be named Joseph W. Folk or David R. Francis is the question among the politicians. Anyhow, there will be an extra session, if there be no other result than the keeping of Mr. Folk in the limelight, through forcing legislation on the Sunday closing question, and possibly on the question of passing a law that shall abolish race gambling beyond all doubt.

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Darkey in the Woodpile

THAT World's Fair crowd's plan to jam through its proposition to get from under the task of restoring Forest Park to its condition prior to the exposition should be carefully scrutinized. Newspaper unanimity in behalf of the proposal is in itself suspicious. The World's Fair crowd has worked the newspapers. It wants to unload on the city, and it is believed that one method adopted to force the city to acceptance is the delay in the destruction of the Fair exhibit buildings. The Fair wreck is getting to be an eyesore. "There's a nigger in the woodpile," or rather the junk heap, in this evasion of restoration by the Fair corporation, and the Senegambian should be smoked out. The scheme is a good one to cover up contractorial and other jobs, and to make the Park Department a prolific source of political spoils. It will bear close watching. And just as this paragraph had reached this point, news came that the Exposition company would withdraw its bill to unload on the city and let the matter rest until next fall. The World's Fair will wait until it can get up a bill broader in scope and that will more clearly let out the Fair crowd in the matter of restoration. The darkey in the wood-pile grows darker. The scheme will bear watching, even while in abeyance.

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Judson-Harmon-Moody-Santa Fe

IT is probable that special counsel Judson of St. Louis and Harmon of Cincinnati are ready to resign because Attorney-General Moody is sluggish in mov-

ing to the prosecution of the Santa Fe road for its rebate violations of the Interstate Commerce law. But they should, at least, be patient until Mr. Paul Morton of that road is well out of the Cabinet, of which Attorney-General Moody is also a member. It would scarcely be polite for Mr. Moody to prosecute the Santa Fe while sitting almost daily at the same council board with a Santa Fe man. When Mr. Morton is in the President's office of the Equitable Life Association it is likely that Mr. Moody will act, though it is not impossible that Mr. Moody himself will shortly leave the Cabinet. No man likes to prosecute his personal friends and associates. Messrs. Judson and Harmon, "like lions tugging at their chains," may be yearning to have at the Santa Fe and bring down the mighty quarry, but they must not forget the social amenities in their zeal for action against the railroad. We need not fear that the Santa Fe will escape, for if Messrs. Judson and Harmon should resign because of the Attorney General's interference with their work, for which they were especially appointed by the President, the scandal would blight the administration. Mr. Frederick N. Judson is the sort of man who doesn't go off half-cocked. He ranks up with the tip-toppest lawyers of the country, and he hasn't any lack of courage, as St. Louisans know from his long career as a fighting reformer since the time when he was private secretary to the famous Gov. B. Gratz Brown. He is no neophyte to be pushed aside, and neither is Mr. Harmon. If they should be forced to throw up their hands they will do so in a way to make the administration feel as if it has a bushel of perniciously active green apples in its "midst."

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The Old Fair Grounds

A BILL has been prepared, it is said, to authorize the city to purchase the old Fair Grounds property and transform it into a park. Isn't the tract too near O'Fallon Park to make such a scheme practical? And hasn't the city better use for its rather short supply of money than buying the Fair Grounds at present realty prices just to enable the owning gambling syndicate to get out of St. Louis with a fat bank roll?

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Aggie Meyers, Fiend

LET us hope that we shall be spared demonstrations of sympathy for Aggie Meyers, convicted at Liberty, Mo., of the murder of her husband. The story of her crime is one of unique cold-bloodedness. Her lover, who assisted in the crime, but was unequal to the task his paramour had set him, told a tale which the woman's unperturbed demeanor, during the recital, thoroughly substantiated. He was clearly the weaker criminal. If ever a woman should be hanged, Aggie Meyers should suffer that penalty.

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Equitable Developments

THOMAS F. RYAN is the power behind the throne in the new Equitable deal, and it begins to look as if Mr. Pierpont Morgan is as close to the Equitable funds as to those of the New York Life and the Mutual Life. Mr. Ryan is not satisfactory to the New York World. That paper pronounces him "dangerous." The New York Sun, however, likes Mr. Ryan, as well it should, since Mr. Ryan is one of its owners, and the Sun is a Morgan organ. Paul Morton, as president of the Equitable, is also not displeasing to the Sun, since Morton has been forced out of the cabinet by the President's purpose regarding rate-regulation, and the Sun is against all rate-regulation and for Roosevelt with an enormous mental reservation. Young Mr. James Hazen Hyde is "out," but,

evidently, his friends are "in." Harriman, whom the Sun was "after," is also shut out. Whether the new arrangement means permanent peace is not known, but it is time for peace, as the Equitable has suffered severely in business as a result of the row. The "reserve" will still be used as it always has been used in the furtherance of the other ends and purposes of those who control it. It must be used by somebody, as it cannot lay idle. Mr. Morgan will find use for it in getting even in the market with the men who have "done him up" in some recent big deals. All of which is interesting, but the New York State Insurance Department has done nothing of importance. The millionaires have been allowed to run things to suit themselves, and notwithstanding abundant evidence of law breaking by the money moguls, no one is being prosecuted. The State has been out of the matter altogether when it should have been in the thick of the struggle protecting the people's interests. The State Insurance Department has been afraid of the money kings. They are above the law. And now the other big companies are calling in the literature they sent out making capital of the troubles of the Equitable. The companies are getting together, presumably against the President's supposed design for Federal supervision of insurance. When the New York and Mutual quit fighting the Equitable it is pretty clear that Morgan is in the saddle in all three companies.

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Off Watch

JOHN WEAVER, of Philadelphia, is not a Presidential possibility. He was born in England. But how did an Englishman ever get so high in American politics as Mayor of Philadelphia? The Irish vote must have been off watch.

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Dunne Goes Ahead

ALL the big daily papers continue industriously to "knock" Mayor Dunne of Chicago and his purpose to municipalize the street railways of that city. They say that the Glasgow expert, Mr. Dalrymple, is to report that municipalization is impracticable in Chicago. They insinuate that the Mayor and his expert have fallen out. But Mayor Dunne goes straight ahead with his arrangements to take over the roads, and Mr. Dalrymple does not go back to Scotland in a huff, as was said he would. The deal will go through in spite of the hopes of the capitalists to the contrary.

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Prosperous Coppers

ONE of the most interesting computations imaginable is that of the man "wise to what's going on" of the wealth of some half dozen members of the St. Louis detective force. After you've heard it, and the story of the origin of the detectives' fortunes, you wonder how, at least, four or five of the fly coppers escaped enumeration in the Post-Dispatch's recently published list of local millionaires. It is intimated that the time has come for a shaking out of some of the preposterously prosperous sleuths of this city. The Police Board is going to get busy shortly upon an investigation of the stories of wealth amassed in the police positions during the last four or five years. The wise local Sherlock Holmes will proceed to stask his cash and plant his sparks and sequester his stocks and bonds, for the Folk people are wondering why the force still seems to operate in spots in connivance with the elements that fought Folk most strenuously. Of course many of the stories of the wealth of the police are exaggerated, but the exaggeration has a basis in the open boasts of some of the men as to their accumulations in the discharge of duty. An early cleaning out of the detective department is not among the improbabilities, although I don't see how the upper authorities are going to de-

cide just how much money a man on detective's pay can put away per year. Some men can save three thousand a year on a \$1,200 a year salary, and some men cannot. You can't make a set rule for a financial genius, who, like the poet, "is born, not made." It is going to be difficult for the Police Board to act in cases of egregious police wealth without laying itself open to the charge of discouraging economy among the members of the force. A police officer with a little money put away is apt to be a better officer, more concerned for the preservation of law, order and property, than one who has nothing, no matter how the saving soul got the money to put away. If he spoiled the spoilers on his beat, or took his rake-off, why, is it not legitimate to forage upon the enemy in war, and what is police duty but war upon the enemies of society? It is not easy to see how a cop can be bounced for wealth alone. A saving man can put away a goodly sum of money out of present police salaries in fifteen or twenty years, without taking a dishonest dollar in all that time, and if he invest with care he may, in fact, become quite wealthy. So when an officer resigns after twenty years' service and says he's \$60,000 to the good, it doesn't at all follow that the money was ill-gotten. Therefore, the rumored or contemplated inquisition upon the police incomes is one which is not likely to lead to convincing conclusions in the case of any man who has stayed sober and kept his eyes open on the force in these progressive times, punctuated with frequent opportunity.

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Teachers' Salaries.

WHAT has become of Rabbi Harrison's "crusade" for an increase of the salaries of St. Louis school teachers progressively in proportion to length of service? If only the lady teachers had votes every politician in town would have been hot for that crusade. Our teachers are miserably paid. Latterly a heap of money has been expended on ornamental school buildings. It's time to cut out all the architectural "ginger bread" and put some of the money on the teachers' salaries. It's time to increase the school tax, even if the big corporations, banks and trust companies do start the cry that a one mill raise of taxes will injure the poor man, and add a little to the teachers' wage. Rabbi Harrison should not despair.

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Cosmopolis

THERE are five thousand St. Louisans in Europe this summer, and the Grand Jury isn't active either. We are repaying the world's call last year. When we are all back home we'll be quite a cosmopolis.

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The Boss' Bussboy Busy

MESSRS. CELLA-ADLER-TILLES are preparing to defy the law against race track gambling. The bussboy for the servant of the racing syndicate, late president of the Jefferson Club, is president of the Bookmakers' Association that is going to get around the law against betting. It is in St. Louis County, where it is said, all the officials are fixed to let anything go short of murder, that the law is to be violated. Gov. Folk has not yet enforced the Sunday law in that county. All forms of gambling and swindling flourish there unmolested. That division of the commonwealth of Missouri is a rotten borough bought and owned by gamblers and thieves. Gov. Folk should enforce the law there, if he has to call out the militia, or own up that the gang of crooks sheltered under the insignia of the CAT is greater and more powerful than the State. If he doesn't destroy the Bookmakers' Association, headed by "wiskinkie" Billy Flynn, he will find that organization in control of the political machinery of St. Louis and solid against

him. The Bookmakers' Association is only the old hand-book, bucket-shop, tape-game, crap-shooting crowd under the leadership of the man alleged to have furnished them protection in the past. The Bookmakers' Association is a branch of the Jefferson Club.

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A Republic in Norway

NORWAY wants a divorce from Sweden, and Sweden won't let her go. That is, Sweden thinks it won't let her go. But Norway will go, just the same. And in the long run it will be all the better for Sweden. England, Germany and Russia may interfere, but the interference will not count for much. Things are in such shape in Europe now that Sweden and Norway will settle their own affairs. The other nations that might meddle are not clear as to where they are "at,"

since the rise of Japan and the shrinkage of Russia. Norway now wants an elective king, but before the settlement is over Norway will probably be a republic. A king with alliances might endanger the new State and the stability of Europe. A republic in Norway without alliances with any of the great houses, would be the best thing for Europe in general.

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Place to Negotiate

THERE's some talk about a suitable place for the Russo-Japanese peace negotiations. How would the Alps do? It is a world-famous resort. All nations are at home there, and St. Louis beer is a great peace maker. The whole world knows how cool the Alps was last summer, though the Pike was warm. The Alps is the place for the negotiations.

What the Lid is Costing the City

By J. Falstaff Budweiser

THERE are now, approximately, 2,500 licensed dramshops in the City of St. Louis. In direct licenses alone these dramshops pay the city \$1,250,000 a year for the privilege of selling intoxicants. It is estimated that as a result of the enforcement of the old Sunday closing law, fully 500 dramshop keepers will go out of business when their licenses expire, which will be the first of July. If this estimate is correct, the city will sustain a direct loss of \$250,000, to say nothing of the loss on ad valorem taxes. With 500 saloons out of business, fully 1,000 men will find themselves out of employment and 500 buildings will be tenantless. Very few saloon keepers own the buildings in which their saloons are located. Many of these buildings have been leased for a period of years by the brewers for the sole purpose of operating dramshops and, in most instances, it will prove a difficult matter to sublease the buildings for other purposes.

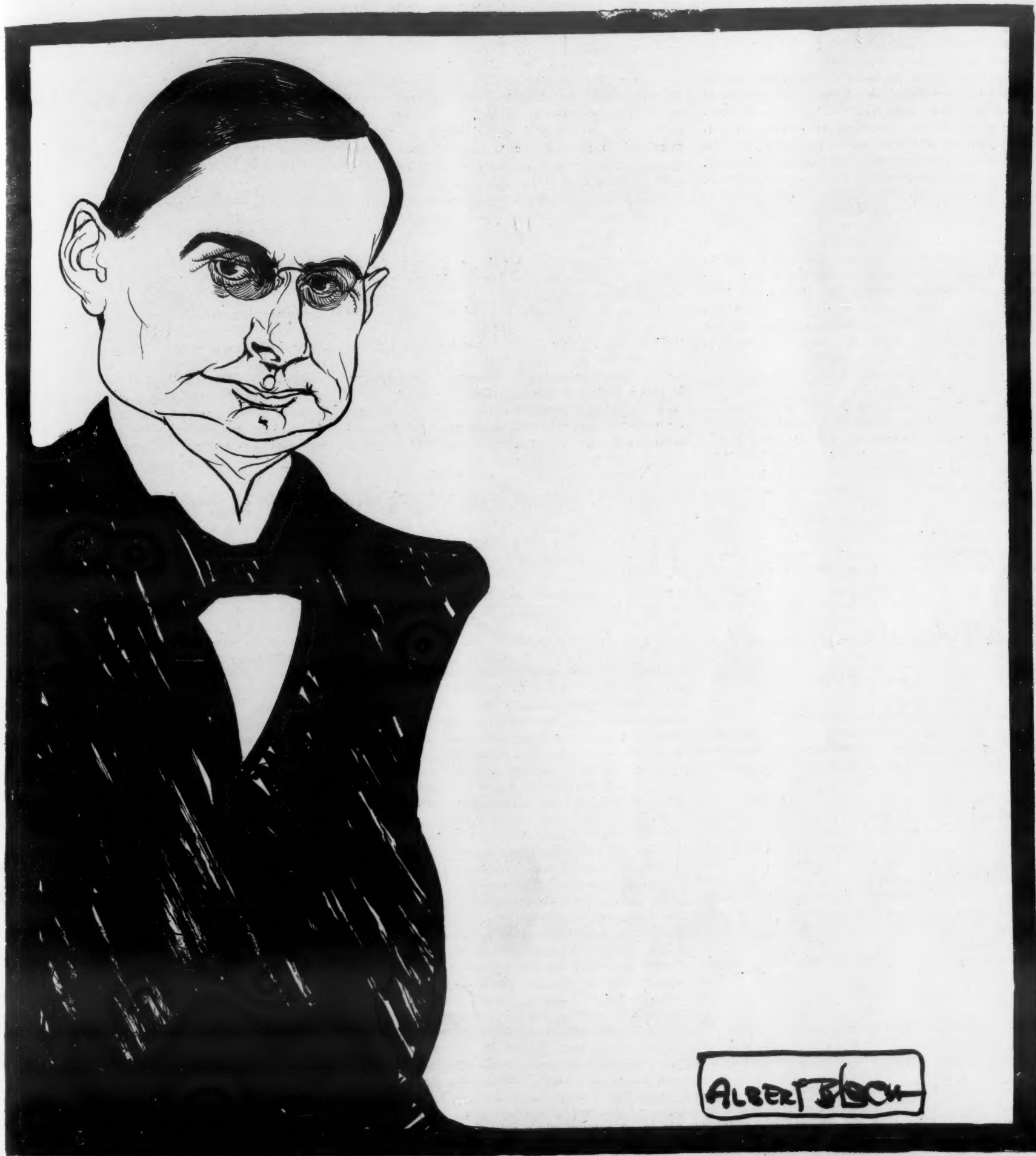
There are not a dozen dramshop keepers in the city who have not suffered heavy financial losses already as a result of the Sunday "lid." In South St. Louis, and North St. Louis, with their large German population, in particular, the loss is so serious that it is said many of the saloons are now profitless. Heretofore, Sunday was the best day for these saloon men, enabling them to make up for deficits sustained during the week. Most of their business is in selling beer, and sales during the week are always very light. The profit to a saloon-keeper on a keg of beer seldom exceeds \$1, so it is an easy matter to calculate how much he must sell to make good his license and other expenses. Deprived of his Sunday trade, the small saloon-keeper need not be much of an accountant to figure out that he can only continue in business ruinously to himself. The glory of contributing revenue to a city that runs to suit the whim of one set of people, and for the profit of a few individuals in politics is not a sufficient motive for the average saloon-keeper to continue business with "everything going out and nothing coming in."

Every saloon keeper in St. Louis who took out a license last January, handed over his \$250 and \$6 in fees to the Excise Commissioner under the belief that he would be permitted to do business on Sunday. No one familiar with the situation will deny this statement, because it is a well-known fact. At that time Gov. Folk had not been inaugurated, but he doubtless knew his intentions towards the saloons, then, quite as well as he does now, when his policemen go prowling through back alleys in the garb of hobos seeking to induce some one to violate the Sunday law. Had Gov. Folk stated, prior to the renewal of the dramshop licenses, last January, that it would be his policy as Governor to rigidly enforce the Sunday law, a large number of saloon men would have

refused to renew their licenses, and the city would, doubtless, have lost more than \$100,000 in revenue that it has already collected. More than this, had Gov. Folk frankly stated his position on the Sunday law, even after he had ordered its enforcement at Kansas City, Mayor Wells would have been defeated by at least 20,000 votes. The saloon keepers were bilked—first in taking out their licenses last January under an implied contract that they would be permitted to do business on Sunday—and, second, in believing the statements of the Wells campaign management, that if they whooped things up for Wells they would not be made the victims of civic righteousness like their brothers in Kansas City.

It is doubtless true that a good many saloon men would have retired from business six weeks ago had it not been for the fact that their licenses were paid for until July 1. Some of them, too, have leases on the buildings they occupy, and cannot escape paying rent, whether they do business or not. But after next month losses incurred as a result of the Sunday law enforcement are not going to fall on the saloons, breweries and employees thereof alone—the landlords will hereafter sustain their full share. Saloons pay higher rent than any other legitimate business. It is the custom of landlords and real estate men to charge saloon keepers anywhere from 10 per cent to 25 per cent more rent than they would think of demanding for leases for any business of a legitimate character. When this class of people find themselves wounded in the pocket because of the enforcement of an ancient Sunday law, they are likely to conclude that former Governors of Missouri, who permitted the law to slumber peacefully, were just about as good men as Gov. Folk.

It would be impossible to estimate what the enforcement of the Sunday law is now costing St. Louis. The statement has been made that one summer garden alone will lose \$60,000 this season on that score, and this particular summer garden is not the largest one in the city, either, nor does the estimate given include wages lost by those thrown out of employment. The brewers are able to stand their losses, for they can cut down expenses, so the loss in part is shifted onto the employees. Starting with the brewer as the first heavy loser, it will presently be found that the losses incident to the Sunday law enforcement, directly or indirectly, reach all classes. And this is not all the evil by any means that is following in the wake of Gov. Folk's Puritanical Sabbath. Boycotts are to-day being maintained against at least one very large financial institution, and half a dozen or more business houses that are accused of favoring the Sunday law enforcement. South St. Louis and North St. Louis are arrayed against the West End, as Mayor Wells and his chosen few will find out if they ever submit any proposition to a vote



JOSEPH W. FOLK

Kindly Caricatures No. 4.

of the people. The city and the State are certain to lose an enormous sum of revenue, the property owners will lose, the restaurants and those who depended upon a continental Sunday regulation for employment have all lost heavily already, and must necessarily lose a great deal more, and morality does not seem to have advanced a peg, but rather kept company with other losers.

Some time ago the Kansas City *Star*, in its anxiety to start a "Beer Rebellion" in Missouri, discovered that all the saloon keepers in St. Louis, at the instigation of the brewers, would refuse to renew their licenses July 1. After numerous unsuccessful efforts to inflate this sensation, the *Star* dropped the subject. Many of the St. Louis saloon keepers could not retire from business next July, if they would, owing to leases they hold. In the down-town districts most of them will renew their licenses and do the best they can in the premises. But the little fellows, of whom there are more than 1,000, are not able to sustain heavy losses. Satisfied now that the Sunday law enforcement has come to stay, they will get out of the business as quickly as possible. The statement is made that those of the little fellows who are not tied up with leases, will retire from business at the close of the present month, thus making another heavy entry on the side of financial losses following the enforcement of the Sunday law.

The Sunday trade of the brewers of St. Louis is about \$40,000, and at that rate fifty-two Sundays will cost them more than \$2,000,000. The hotels are emptied every Sunday. Travelers dodge the lid. Liverymen suffer because rigs are not hired as they would be if there were refreshment places to visit. Barkeepers', porters', waiters', brewery drivers', ice wagon drivers' salaries are docked the Sunday wage.

Even in the absence of accurate estimates, any one can readily see that Sunday law enforcement is a very costly thing for St. Louis.

That Twine Plant in the "Pen"

By Callaway Dade

A NEWS-ITEM from Jefferson City calls attention to the amount of binder-twine a new plant in the penitentiary is turning out. This binder-twine plant was established under Governor Dockery's administration for the purpose of putting the cordage-trust out of business in Missouri, in the matter of the sale of twine to farmers for harvesting purposes. So far as heard from, however, the cordage-trust is still doing business at the old stand, unmindful of the twine manufacturing plant in the Missouri penitentiary and a similar one in the Kansas prison, where twine for harvesting purposes is manufactured by convicts and sold to farmers at the actual cost of production.

It is said that ex-Governor Dockery is very proud of the Missouri plant, as it was established under his fostering care and approval. When he is next a candidate for office, which will probably be about a year hence, he will be certain to tell the farmers of the third congressional district how mindful he was of their interests in protecting them from the voracious demands of the cordage-trust, even if he does forget to mention anything about how the State lost \$1,200,000 of revenue from the beer tax through the Legislature's following his advice and frantic personal appeals to compromise with the brewers and avoid a test of the law in the United States Supreme Court, which test was made anyway, despite his compromise measure, with the result that the original law was upheld and the brewers were saved almost \$1,500,000, that they would have had to pay had it not been for Dockery's lack of nerve.

But aside from Governor Dockery's political hopes and the costly blunder he made in compromising the

beer tax, the public has some little interest in the twine-plant operating in the penitentiary, because public money was used in establishing this enterprise. The plant is not a Missouri idea, however, for Kansas adopted this method of harassing the octopus several years ago. The Missouri law provides that this twine (a rough cordage used in binding grain), shall be manufactured and sold to residents of the State at the actual cost of production. As it only costs the State about 11 cents a day to feed, clothe, keep and guard a convict, the presumption is that the output of the twine-plant must be sold to the farmers at a figure calculated to make the cordage trust think of its past sins. Grasping as trusts are supposed to be, they have never yet been able to employ able-bodied men at 11 cents a day. With the States of Missouri and Kansas "swatting" the cordage-trust in the manner stated, it is passing strange that no responsive yelp is heard from the octopus. But such, indeed, is the case.

Now that the State has fairly embarked in the business of protecting one class of citizens from the demands of an Eastern trust, it is a matter of some public concern to surmise how far this doctrine will be extended. The twine-trust is not the only one in the land. Col. Moses Corydon Wetmore would doubtless say that the tobacco-trust is the worst of all trusts. None can doubt his Democracy who love Wm. J. Bryan, and ever chewed "Wetmore's Best." Fifty residents of the State pay tribute to the tobacco trust to one that ever paid a penny to the cordage-trust; so if it is commendable for the State to step in

with convict labor to protect one class of citizens from a trust, it must logically follow that all other classes should be afforded like protection. The \$6-a-week clerk who puffs an evil-smelling cigarette is as much entitled to protection from the tobacco-trust as the thrifty grain-grower from the cordage-trust.

If the State is going into paternalism at all, it should spread its sheltering wings as wide as possible and not make fish out of one class and fowl of another. To establish the twine-plant cost a goodly sum of public money and it will cost something to keep it in operation. As it only costs the State 11 cents a day per man for labor in the manufacture of twine, it necessarily follows that the farmers who use this product in any considerable quantities, must derive considerable benefits. They are in a class by themselves and consequently receive benefits from the State that no other class of citizens is receiving. This is an unjust and undemocratic discrimination. Other and greater trusts than the cordage combine levy tribute upon the citizens of the State. Are these trusts good trusts? And is the cordage-trust the only bad trust that extends its tentacles into Missouri? How about the American school book trust, which Senator Stone was wont to denounce from the house-tops? And the tobacco-trust, scourged all over the State by Col. Wetmore? And how about hundreds of other trusts? Shall they one and all presently be made to compete against convict labor, or shall only the cordage-trust suffer? The people would like to hear from ex-Governor Dockery on this subject.

Kindly Caricatures (4.) Joseph W. Folk

H-S-S-H! Who comes here? He peeps in upon us like a plain-clothes man at a saloon door looking for a violation of the Sunday law. His smile is broad and cold and keen with a hint of cruelty. It is the smile of *Rev. Smirk Mudflint*, *Pecksniff*, *Oily Gammon*, *Mr. Chadband* and *Bret Harte's Heathen Chinee, Ah Sin*. Something owlsh about it, too, eh? Something implacably wise. Yet this is the face that has the politicians on the run and the brewers on the bum. This is the velvet-footed person who has, panther-like, trailed corruption through the political jungle and struck it down. This is the man who is surer of himself than ever was Napoleon, who has all the blend of piety and craft we find in *Richelieu*. Just a trace of mockery in his smile, too, as if to say, "what fools these mortals be," even in the matter of reform. There's no depth in his gaze, rather a shallowness, but there is force, determination, will underlying the bland self-satisfaction. A humorist inquisitor under *Torquemada* might have so looked at some *marano* on the rack in Toledo of old. Sincerity is here, too, but not the sad sincerity Emerson sang of those who builded the Parthenon. Bloch, the caricaturist, shows, too, that cold, penetrating stare which searched out the yellow spot in the boodler-heart in St. Louis and hypnotized the grafter into squealing. You'll search the face in vain for anything that warms to it. There's no attraction in it except the fascination of its chill. It has a Medusa quality—a stamp of deadliness. The figure has its hands behind its back apparently, lest someone might reach out to clasp them for help and sympathy. They are hands readier to strike than to open in giving. Somewhat meditative, too, this pose, as one might ruminate over a butterfly on a pin in an entomologist's collection. That there's a firmness in the features, too, none can deny, a remorseless firmness as of a Covenanter, but a covenant with himself alone. Mayhap you'll find in him a trace of *Hamlet*, but, if so, 'tis a *Hamlet* not infirm of purpose or of will, and therefore what you see is only *Hamlet* gone over to sheer rational selfishness, empty of sympathy—in other words, *Iago*. Speech from such an one should be sibillantly delib-

erate, and not to be trusted for the sense of its seeming. There is nothing of direction to be looked for here. The Sphinx was not more cryptic than this. That large right ear bespeaks, not generosity, but rather merely a reaching for an earful of confession from tremulous guilt, and beyond that, for the applause of the crowd. Yet Artist Bloch tells us here's a man indefeasible in purpose and incorruptible, though without the sea-greenness of Robespierre. Monachic virtue exudes from him, like frost on a wine-cooler. It's a sort of a fat virtue also, the aceticism that goes sometimes with the priestly habit, an oleaginous rather than an acidulous asceticism, something sleek about it, so that you rather expect it to *purr* when properly stroked. This man is unlikely to make a mistake, if thinking beforehand can prevent. The passions, as we ordinarily conceive them, are not likely to lead him astray. His emotions have no glow. His affections are not expansive, and his friendships are calculating. He believes in ideas, and warms himself, if at all, in their dry light. He has made his fame in the land a great beacon of reform. His quiet, cool, deliberate, sleek personality surprises those who, from the papers, preconceive him a big, bloviating fighter. One who came many miles to see him, gazed awhile, and said, "Is that all?" Well, that *isn't* all. The great thing about him is what's back of him. *What's* back of him? Only the Ten Commandments. They were before he is, but he discovered that they are still in force, and that as a political platform they are unsurpassable, that they are singularly appealing to most people, and especially to those who break them all. Our caricaturist has told in a few lines what this commentator has elaborated in many. This picture of Joseph W. Folk, Governor of Missouri, possible Presidential candidate, idol of the unco guid will tell more of the man than will be found in all the characterizations of Lincoln J. Steffens. Bloch gives us Folk stripped to the soul that all may see. The commentator will not presume to say whether that soul has shining qualities of the seraphim, or only a phosphorescent corpse-light quality of cadescence intensity of self-regard. Here is Folk—the only portrait ever given of him without his assistance in softening or strengthening a line.

Senator Kinney's Law to Save the Children

By Charles B. Oldham

SENATOR KINNEY'S compulsory educational law will be in force June 16. This measure has caused much favorable comment in the interior of the State, where its beneficial effects are least needed and received scarcely passing notice in St. Louis, where its enforcement will accomplish more good than in all other parts of the State combined. From many points of view, this is the best law the Missouri Legislature has passed in many years, and it is so recognized everywhere except, apparently, in St. Louis. True, the law is not condemned here, but neither the law itself nor the State Senator who worked so zealously and effectively for its enactment have received the credit rightfully belonging to them. Perhaps, because the measure is a terrible blow to the blood-sucking employers, to the manufacturer growing wealthy by feeding young lives to machinery in cheap production.

The enforcement of this law in St. Louis means the enforcement of the child-labor laws that have been persistently ignored in this city year after year. No serious effort has ever been made to enforce the laws which prohibit children of tender age being employed in factories and sweat-shops. To-day thousands of little children, mostly girls, are wearing their lives away in factories and shops, in exchange for pitiful wages. They work long hours, undermining their health and, sometimes, their morals. All this is unlawful, for the statutes plainly say children under 14 years of age shall not be so employed, save in cases of dire need. Officers draw salaries to see that these laws are enforced. They draw the salaries, and that is all they do. The human wolves who employ these children care nothing for their welfare. They want cheap labor, and if babes could serve their ends, they would make them work unless the law intervened.

Senator Kinney's law requires that children under 14 years of age shall attend some school a goodly part of each year. The bill also provides the necessary machinery for its enforcement. Parents who plead dire need as a reason for sending their little ones to the factories and shops rather than to school, will be forced to furnish ample proof of the truth of their claims before the compulsory education law will authorize their children to be deprived of an education. Right here is where Senator Kinney's law will prove a powerful factor in enforcing the child-labor laws, and thus accomplish two worthy objects at the same time. This is assuming, of course, the St. Louis Board of Education will adopt the means provided in Senator Kinney's law for its rigid enforcement.

It seems altogether probable that if the ministers in St. Louis would come downtown in the factory district any morning before 7 o'clock and watch the swarms of little children hurrying to a day's hard toil, the pulpits the following Sunday would ring with denunciations of such an infamous system of child-labor. But it is safe to say that the ministers will not do anything of the kind. That would be asking too much of them. Their time is precious and must be devoted to dogmatic themes and expounding the doctrine of a Teacher who went among the lowly, knew how they lived, what they thought about, what they hoped for, what they feared, and became the leader of the multitude. They are full of themes, theories and dogmas, but rarely get down among the people who stand the most in need of their help. If they did, things would be different here in St. Louis. Poor children, who work their little lives out in the factories, would not say: "O, the churches are only good for the rich who can wear nice clothes." Besides, the pillars of the churches are often employers of child-labor. Out of child-labor profits they subscribe to the support of the preachers. It would never do to

attack anything helpful to the pillars of the church. Never! That's the sort of politics preachers are only too anxious to keep out of.

This Kinney law will do more good in St. Louis than any law that has passed the Missouri Legislature in a generation. In the language of the patent medicine man, the Kinney bill "goes right to the spot." It will not only give thousands of children an education who would otherwise have grown up in ignorance and vice, but will practically put an end to the inhuman system of working little children in factories and shops.

Had Senator Kinney passed a bill through the Legislature that would result in doubling the fortunes of the millionaires of St. Louis, his picture would have appeared so often in the St. Louis papers as to cause Governor Francis, Governor Folk and Lydia Pinkham to think they are back numbers. But a law that proposes to educate those who would never otherwise have an education and protect those who are unable to protect themselves, is but of passing interest. Such is fame here in this town. Such also is the power of the big interests, that make cheap goods and big profits on the life blood of little children, as manifest in the press.

Raid the Bucket Shops

By Lawson Margin

LOCAL bucketshops, to evade, technically, certain features of the State law, are taking orders for the purchase of stocks, grain, provisions, cotton, etc., and telegraphing them to branch offices in St. Louis County. This is a ruse to make valid, apparently, the claim that the purchases and sales of actual stocks, provisions, grain, etc., are made outside the city—at the New York Consolidated Stock Exchange. In point of fact, the telegraphing is only a bluff. The St. Louis bucket shops take the money, drop it in the till, and then, if the quotations stolen from the Board of Trade show the player to have guessed right as to the up or down of the market, he gets his profit minus commission. If the speculator guessed wrong, the bucket-shop simply keeps the money. The telegraphing is simply a fake communication from the bucket-shop to itself. The deals so conducted are no more to be classed as legitimate transactions, than are the bogus quotations on imaginary stocks which are reeled off on a tape operated in some cellar, with the quotations mathematically distributed along the tape at the leisure of the man who winds it up, so that no one can possibly win. At least one of these tape games is now running in this city under the auspices of the bucket-shop gang. The quotations are simply numbers to bet on. The man who puts up his money simply guesses whether the numbers will go up or down. The bucket-shop simply takes the money. If the player guesses right, he gets his money. If he doesn't, the bucket-shop takes the money. If the man guesses right the bucket-shop takes its commission out of what it pays him. It's a sure thing game. The game keeper can't lose. He doesn't even have to guess against the player. The winner at the game is paid out of the money of the loser, minus the commission for holding the money in the shop's till.

Bucket shop gambling is quicker than faro or roulette or craps or baccarat. It is a more insidious form of gambling. It ruins more people than any

other kind of gambling. Its distant resemblance to legitimate buying and selling gives it a sort of dignity in the eyes of its practitioner. This makes the game the more insidious. That the Boards of Trade discourage and denounce bucket-shops is all the better testimony that the latter are an evil, because in point of fact there is no ethical difference between the act of speculating on a margin and speculating in the actual stock, grain or provisions. The only difference is that the legitimate speculator actually buys and sells the commodity on the rise or fall of which he wins or loses, and may be called upon to deliver or take the commodity at the end of the deal.

The point is not, however, that the bucket-shop keeper is not different from the legitimate broker ethically. The strong point is that the bucket-shop operation is made a misdemeanor under the law. The law is on the books, and Gov. Folk, of this State, maintains that all laws on the books must be enforced. The law is clear. It was enacted on the demand of the eminent merchants, the moral pillars of business, the best citizens—the people who supported Folk and made him the champion of righteousness. All the great exchanges condemn the bucket-shops, and the men who make up the exchanges know the evil of speculation if anyone does know it. Lately, the bucket-shop has invaded the country towns, and its work is shown in the growth of defalcations and embezzlements in small country banks, in the ruin of country merchants who could not deal on the regular exchanges, the bankruptcy of rural professional men.

One great bucket-shop in St. Louis has more than one hundred country branches in this and other States. It doesn't deal, it may be said, in a single legitimate share, bushel, pound of stock, grain or provisions or cotton. Its telegraphs tolls are the largest item in the revenue of the St. Louis telegraph office. The rake-off runs up into seven figures per year, a profit that is plucked from no actual or even constructive exchange of commodities or values thereof. This is the greatest bucket-shop in the United States.

The statute against bucket-shops is clear and explicit. The evidence to convict the keeper of a bucket-shop is easily obtainable. The bucket-shop is as vicious, demoralizing, degrading an institution as the race track or the crap game, or the roulette wheel. Gov. Folk should direct the prosecuting attorneys of the different cities and counties of the State to see that the law against bucket-shops is enforced. They can be proceeded against on information or indictment. They can be raided by the police as a poker game or a crap game can be raided. Those gathered at such places can be arrested for assembling to participate in a violation of the law. They have never been raided of late years, because their proprietors financed the Democratic organization, and the head of the local Democratic organization was the head also of the police force and, in his private capacity, attorney for the men in the greatest bucket-shop in the world in their other incorporate manifestation as proprietors of the racing robbery and the hand-book and crap game Trust.

Prosecute the bucket-shops. If juries don't convict the keepers of misdemeanors, the law still stands. The shops may be raided as the proprietors thereof induced their attorney as Police Board president to raid a telegraph race betting institution that threatened to cut in on their betting monopoly. Raid the bucket-shops. Load the keepers and players into the patrol wagons. Smash the blackboards and tickers. Seize the books. That's the way the bucket-shop moguls had the Police Board president close the telegraph pool room that competed with their game. The same crowd that ran the racing gambling, that controlled the crap game privileges controls the bucket-shop business of St. Louis. That crowd should be extirpated, root and branch, driven out of business and out of politics—and its attorney in politics with it. Is Gov. Folk, as the head of the law enforcing power

of the State, equal to the emergency? Or is it likely that he may need the bucket-shov, racing, craps attorney in politics, in his (Folk's) future political business? Folk's police can close the prohibited bucket-shops in one day.

The Letters of Lucifer

(4) To a Hospital Nurse

My Dear Miss R:

I HOPE you will pardon my delay in acknowledging your communication regarding my dead friend's gift to you. Something like a terrible dream oppresses me when I look back to the circumstance of his untimely accident. The first shock of the announcement, the hurried drive to the hospital, the sinking sense of uncertainty and dread, the first message that gave me hope—how vividly those things come back to me!

And then the long vigils by his bed-side, the brief and infrequent intervals of respite from suffering, the banishment from the sick room, the consultation—the operation—the final agony and the flight of a strong man's soul—how ineffaceably all this seems graven in my memory.

I recollect well the sad and strange morning when you ushered me into his room and laid aside the cloth which had covered his features.

*"Take the cloak from his face, and at first,
Let the corpse do his worst."*

Grimly these stark Saxon words flashed through my mind as I looked at him there. Keen torture had marked him deeply, and left the shell of his virile personality as wan as winter moonlight.

I turned to where you stood, prim as any Puritan in your neat blue gown and snowy apron, a plain lace cap on your thick and wavy hair. There were tears in your eyes. I marveled that there was no answering moisture in my own. Was it because our harsh urban life had hardened my heart, so that I who loved him, could look on outwardly unmoved?

It was a new world to me—the hospital. The military precision of the rules, the distinctive uniforms of the nurses, the brooding silence of the halls. The scent of disinfectants, the passing of patients in invalid chairs wheeled by attendants, the influx of anxious visitors, and sometimes the departure of sobbing women and white-faced men. At night, too, the pallor of half-lights, the arrival of ambulances with blue-coated officers bringing in the victims of rail or fire. And in the weirdly later watches of the night the grinding of early wheels over the cobblestones, the faint wail of some sleepless sufferer, the swift passing of figures, whispers, signs, lifted hands—Ah! how much of tragedy and sorrow lingered there.

And as guardian angels you and your sister comrades walked among the dead and dying, true followers of Florence Nightingale. My poor lost friend has often told me of the loving tenderness, the faithful ministrations with which you gave your nights and days to him. He blessed you as one whose mother had died in his infancy; as a man who had never known a sister's love. He was not a good man as the world judges. But he was more, he was a grateful and an affectionate man. And the ring he left you, and which he in the shadows and I in the light insist on your keeping, holds no purer jewel than your womanly kindness to him.

Out of all this weird experience one thing remains etched deep. And that is, the glory of your calling, a priceless opportunity for your sex. Now indeed you have been a sister to sorrow, a watcher of the night, a boon to stricken humanity, a flower to men's eyes of more than earthly whiteness. You have cooled the brows of the living, you have folded the palms of the dead. And out of your tasks has come that schooling of the heart and soul without which the varied so-called accomplishments of a woman are but vanity.

In the name of my friend and myself, I thank you. Not alone for the sweetness which gladdened his last days, but for the glimpse you gave me of

*"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light."*

Should fate ever send me a daughter, I would think of no greater honor than to have her wear the uniform of your profession, and which you grace so nobly and unselfishly. With highest respect,

LUCIFER.

The Green-Eyed Monster

Concerning a Gay Lothario, a Pretty Wife and a Jealous Husband

THERE were two of them, Malivoire and Polonceau. One evening Malivoire would slap Polonceau's face, the next Polonceau would return the compliment. This may seem an absurd and inexplicable practice to those who do not understand it, but to those who do it is the most simple thing in the world.

But, like all simple things, it needed a genius to discover it. Malivoire was that genius. He had tried many schemes to ingratiate himself in women's good graces, but had generally failed. Even when he accosted some belated woman in the streets and offered her his protection against too adventurous gallants, she either became frightened and ran away, or laughed in his face—both of which were sufficiently embarrassing. But one day the idea came to him all at once: "Why not do just the contrary? Why not follow the men who follow women? And as soon as a woman is accosted and calls for help"—as they generally had done with him—"I will spring to her side, slap the man's face, and offer him my card. Then the fair and trembling heroine will take the arm of her brave defender, who will call at her house the next day to inquire if she has entirely recovered from her recent fright, etc.—why, the whole thing's as clear as day! Only!" reflected Malivoire, "the scheme is a perfect nest of duels and fist fights. No I must find a friend who would be willing to stand a little discomfort—he could have his turn, of course. Egad, Polonceau's the very man!"

He submitted his plan to Polonceau, who found it very droll; and from that day forth these two ingenious fellows made innumerable conquests by boxing each other's ears.

"There's a pretty woman," said Malivoire, one evening, when it was his turn to be the protector of insulted innocence. "See, she is making for that dark little street, which is quite deserted; besides the moon is not up, and it's dark enough for the devil to trip on his tail. Everything seems to favor me. Now you follow the adorable creature, while I hurry up and get ahead of her." And Malivoire sped up the little street.

Presently he heard voices in discussion.

"Let me pass, sir!" cried a woman's voice.

And a figure of a woman appeared from the darkness, quickening her steps to escape the man who had seized her arm.

"Now for it," said Malivoire to himself; then, stepping forward: "What is this? You insolent blackguard!" Slap, slap! He struck the man twice, and then added: "There is my card, sir."

But as he spoke he started back thunderstruck. It was not Polonceau.

Our Lovelace had not time to recover from his surprise when the lady seized his arm, saying: "Conduct me to a carriage, sir, I implore you." And she led away her amazed defender.

At this moment Polonceau came up.

"Sir!" cried the victim of the mistake to him. "I

am that lady's husband. The wretch who struck me is her lover. I secured his card, and am going to have him arrested. You saw the assault, and I call upon you to testify to it in court."

"I, sir?" replied Polonceau, in a surprised tone; "it is true that I saw you accost a lady a few steps from here, and ask her where she came from and where she was going, but she ran away from you; you followed her, and I lost sight of both of you. I have witnessed no assault; indeed, I was in the next street when it took place. A thousand regrets, sir, that I cannot—"

The furious husband waited to hear no more, and hurried off in pursuit of his wife.

Polonceau, left to himself, remarked: "Her husband! Well, this is a daisy!" And he indulged in various and sundry exhibitions of mirth.

The husband, M. Dufourre, may be concisely described as a fool. And when it is added that he had made a fortune of twenty thousand francs a year by inventing an improved process for drying codfish, and had become jealous of his wife as soon as he retired from business, you know the good man as well as if you had lived with him all your life.

His jealousy irritated his wife so much that one fine day, after a violent scene, Mme. Dufourre left his house and installed herself in the apartments of a relative who had gone to Nice on the advice of her physicians, leaving at Mme. Dufourre's disposal the rooms and one servant. It was toward this domicile that she was going when her husband met her, at the very moment when Polonceau was about to offer her his arm.

Believing that he had to do with another pursuer of women like himself, our Don Juan Malivoire spoke of the matter in that light to his fair charge as he conducted her to a carriage-stand; the lady, a prey to violent excitement confined herself to thanking him, without initiating him into her family troubles. The carriage found, she quickly got in and gave her address to the driver. Malivoire made a note of the address, you may be sure.

The next afternoon, at about two o'clock, just as Mme. Dufourre was preparing to go out, she heard an altercation in the hall, and a visitor entered, in spite of the servant. It was her husband.

"You here, sir!" cried Mme. Dufourre.

"Yes, madame, I am here. You would like to know, perhaps, how I discovered your retreat? Nothing more simple. Last night I pursued you and caught up with you just as you were saying something to your lover from the door of the carriage. I took the cab-man's number, easily found him in the morning, and so I have discovered the place of your meetings."

"Of our meetings? Have you demanded an explanation from that gentleman, whom I never saw before he constituted himself my protector against the man he thought had insulted me?"

"We'll see soon enough whether she really doesn't know him," said Dufourre to himself; and he prepared for his wife a trap.

"The explanation, as you call it, took place this morning, madame," he said aloud; "and resulted in a sword-wound which will, I hope, keep the gentleman in bed for several months."

Mme. Dufourre was astonished. The idea that her husband would risk his life on her account was a revelation; and she could not refrain from a slight exclamation of admiration for the man whom she had so misjudged.

"Well, sir," she said, at length; "you have made a great mistake. I repeat that I do not know the victim of your insane jealousy, and a letter I wrote this morning to the relative whose apartments I occupy, a letter containing an exact account of last night's adventure, is now in my room ready to be mailed. I will give it to you to read, and you will see if what I say is not true."

Mme. Dufourre quickly left the room, and Dufourre began to ask himself if his suspicions were unjust.

At that moment the sound of the street door bell was heard; Dufourre, who was about to follow his wife, stopped.

"A gentleman has called to see madame," said the maid, appearing at the door.

"A gentleman!" cried Dufourre. "Where is he?—what is he—young or old?"

"But, sir," replied the astonished maid, who did not see this man's right to question her, "the gentleman is in the parlor. I shall go and announce him to madame."

The gentleman who was in the parlor carried one arm in a sling. It was Malivoire.

Mme. Dufourre entered the room, and started back on seeing him. "You, sir!" she cried, in a voice trembling with emotion. "Ah, God be praised, your wound is less severe than they had told me."

Malivoire was dazed.

"Wha—what?" he stammered; "they have told you?"

"Yes, sir; your adversary, himself."

"She must be crazy," said Malivoire to himself; then he added aloud: "Er—my adversary; you know him, then?"

"Perfectly, sir; he is my husband."

"What! the gentleman whom, last evening, I—"

"Was my husband."

At this moment the voice of Dufourre, disputing with the maid, was heard in the hall.

"'Tis he!" cried Mme. Dufourre, distracted; "if he finds you here this time he will kill you—he will kill us both."

"But, my dear madame, I ask nothing better than a chance to get out of this. Which way shall I go?"

"Here, this way. Go through the dining room, it opens on the hall," and she pushed him out of the room. It was barely time—at this moment Dufourre entered.

"Madame," said he, "a man was in here with you just now; don't attempt to deny it! However, he can not get away; I have locked the hall door and here is the key, and I am going to—"

Mme. Dufourre seized him at once. "You would have the cowardice to attack a man who cannot defend himself, a man you wounded two hours ago in a duel?"

"What," gasped Dufourre, "the man who is here is—"

"Your adversary. He has come, his wounded arm in a sling, to inquire about me. It is the simple act of courtesy of a well-bred man. His name I have learned from his card."

The poor woman was as one crying in the wilderness. Dufourre heard nothing. He was cudgelling his brains to explain the wound which he had not given, but which his adversary had nevertheless received.

"Besides," said his wife, "here is the letter I told you of; read it."

"Aha," said Dufourre to himself, when he had read the letter; "the Don Quixote of last night is an impostor, who hopes to excite my wife's sympathy by a pretended wound." He smiled sardonically as he thought how he would expose the wretch.

"Well, you are convinced?" demanded Mme. Dufourre.

The husband, whose sardonic smile had suddenly disappeared, did not reply; he was thinking that to expose the man would expose himself.

"That letter does not prove anything to you?" said the latter. "Very well, I shall tell the maid to show the gentleman in." And she started toward the bell rope.

"No, no, I believe you, my dear," cried Dufourre, quickly; "and I will myself show the gentleman out."

He had not time, however. Malivoire appeared at that moment. Having found the door locked, he believed himself in a trap and was looking for a means of escape. Naturally he had taken his arm out of the sling to turn the door-knob.

"Good heavens!" he cried, on seeing the lady and

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her husband; and losing his head, he quickly put his arm back in place; but in his confusion it was his left arm that he inserted in the sling.

"Come in, come in, my dear sir," said Dufourre, hastening toward him. "The mistake is all explained." Then in a low voice he rapidly added: "I have given you a sword-thrust in the arm; you have received it; not a word—leave things as they are."

At Mme. Dufourre's request, Malivoire recounted his share in the adventure of the evening before; her letter was confirmed in every detail.

"And this is the gallant gentleman whose life you would have taken!" exclaimed the injured wife. "That you did not succeed is no fault of yours, and you have, at any rate, wounded him in his most useful arm," and, pointing to the wounded arm of poor Malivoire, she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

The two men stared at one another without being able to see what was wrong.

"Why—it's your left arm that is in the sling!" she said.

"Confusion!" muttered the perspiring Malivoire, and he managed to stammer out: "Yes, yes, you see in fact, it was the left arm—"

"Strange," murmured Mme. Dufourre, "a few minutes ago I was sure it was the right."

"It was because I stood this way, perhaps," said Malivoire, turning his back. Then he bowed to make his departure.

"Sir," said Malivoire, when he was alone with

Dufourre, who accompanied him to the door, "I was not aware, I assure you, that the gentleman to whom last evening I gave a—"

"You wanted to rob me of my honor, sir," said Dufourre, in a low and menacing tone.

"To whom I gave a slap," continued Malivoire, who wanted to finish his sentence.

Dufourre interrupted him again, and, still harping on his honor, with a threatening air, said: "I shall preserve it, sir, at the risk of my life."

"The slap? Keep it, by all means; I wish you joy of it!" and Malivoire, who had not heard his first remark, burst into a laugh as he went out.—Adapted for the Argonaut from the French of Jules Moinaux.

Blue Jay's Chatter

HAD the grandest time you ever heard of. Jane, this last week. Been out in Kirkwood visiting Mrs. Edwards. Nuff said. Can tell you more about all your old pals than you ever dreamed of in your Parisian haunts of preferment, Jane, and Golly! don't I wish Mrs. Edwards was my aunt or uncle or grandma, or something near of kin, for she's a circus, for true, the brightest old lady that ever mosed down the pike, dearest, with the keenest, most trenchant wit I know. Nothing gets by her, I can tell you, and the evenings that we spent on the

front porch just kind 'er raking everybody over in a gentle, curry-comb style.—why, Kirkwood hasn't had such an airing of family skellingtons since the last time I went out to visit Mrs. Edwards.

What Edwards is it? Oh, nobody ever knows—she's the only one—and all the rest don't count at all—you see this particular Mrs. Edwards is the chief autocrat of the village—about seventy odd years, Jane, hearty and hale, with a merry twinkle in her left eye, and its mate in her right one, and with the complete back numbers of everybody's history stored up in her memory—not a single chapter missing—and maybe the gilded youth of Kirkwood and all the boys who do a few stunts themselves at times, and the gay young girls who have beaux, don't shut their eyes and hold their breath when they see 'er coming. She'll get 'em, sure, though, and so the only thing to do is to own right up and throw yourself on her mercy.

You know how dearly I do love a good old gossip, so the four days I spent out there were unalloyed delight.

Let's see what I can remember to tell you—the Kent Jarvises seem to be about the whole Camerbert out Kirkwood and Webster way—people kind of look to them to do the proper, and the women notice Mrs. Jarvis' clothes more carefully than anybody else's, and that sort of thing, you know. Mrs. Jarvis, who is a large, awfully wholesome kind of girl, with a real suburban complexion, and a good deal more liberal-minded than most of those who live in the outskirts ever thought of being, was a Chase, I believe—daughter of an old family, and lived in some country place called Chevy Chase, or "Chase-Yourself-up-a-Tree" or some other of those fawney names; anyhow, her father had money to burn, and as she was the only daughter, it was expected that she would do the proper thing when it came to marrying, and not pick up any crooked sticks. She was the belle of seven counties, as you may readily guess, and St. Louis young men who "coveted the broad acres of her father"—this story sounds like it would turn out a real L. J. Libby novelette, Jane, but it won't—just flocked out on the Suburban cars, until on a Sunday afternoon they were sitting round the front lawn and drinking Chase lemonade and fruit punches, thicker'n flies on the sugar bowl.

One fine spring afternoon Mr. Chase who owned a woolen mill or a paint manufactory, or something else equally remunerative, decided he would get a new superintendent—a youngish kind of man with ginger and brains, and some ideas along new fangled lines. So he advertised among his Eastern business friends, and presently one of them shipped him the article needed—warranted all wool and a yard wide—non-shrinkable, non-fadeable and with qualities guaranteed to wear indefinitely. Kent Jarvis was his name, and he came to stay, for the elder man found him everything he'd been cracked up to be. Then he proved so gentlemanly and agreeable that he was invited out to see the place some Sunday before long. Well, you don't need a clairvoyant to tell you what was likely to happen, and what did happen, Jane. The whole outfit of St. Louis young men weren't one-two-seven, after Jarvis stepped in the ring, and he and the daughter of the house were engaged in just about four shakes of a lamb's tail. Papa Chase surprised? Humph! I should say. He hadn't advertised for a son-in-law, you know, but he made the best of it, and told the young man that he'd have to prove his mettle first—kind of do the probation stunt for a year, and there'd be no "option" arrangement either. Of course you know the daughter and the suitor agreed, and pa thought he'd fixed it fine, but as a matter of fact, things were all arranged before pa found out there was anything doing at all. But the year came round, and as Jarvis had turned out to be the right stuff, they were married, and that's all, only they live in a fine big house now, with a bunch of butlers and cooks and coachmen, and Jarvis is a banker of prominence, and Mrs. J. is "one of our leading young society ma-

trons," Jane. The Chase property is still intact, though Mr. Chase died some years ago, but the widow keeps the old place and travels a good deal, I believe. Mrs. Jarvis will inherit a great deal of money when the estate is settled.

Tell you some more suburbanites with romantic little stories—there's the George Robinsons. No, you don't know 'em, for George was a dyed-in-the-wool bachelor with a head as bald as an egg when you were in St. Louis, and beginning to take notice. He makes some one of the nine thousand kinds of health food, I believe, and girls didn't seem to take a violent interest in him, nor he in them. He lived in a big old house at Webster, and in his spare moments raised geraniums and kohl rabi. But George wasn't altogether as adamant concerning the fair ones as his friends believed. There was a sweet and gentle girl some where round the Big Bend road, whom he had long secretly worshipped—yes, Jane, it's the truth I'm a telling of yez. Her name was Belle Hewitt, and she was a belle in every sense of the word, with all kinds of beaux for every day in the week. George used to go back home to his geraniums, and his kohl rabi, and think things when she snubbed him good and hard, as she used to do right along. But the next moonlight night, when the moon vines were mooning and the moonbeams were beaming, he would amble over the road again, and take another snubbing just as before. Well, things kind of went along in this wise for two or three years, and George never batted an eye, nor even looked the tiniest wee bit discouraged. Now, you think you smell the end of this exciting yarn, don't you, Jane, and how he rescued the haughty maid from under the heels of a runaway horse or the most vicious bull in the pasture, where she had unwittingly strayed in a red dress or the treacherous bridge during a heavy spring freshet—and how she fell in his arms or on his neck and everybody got a piece of stale cake in a small white box tied with satin ribbon. Well, you can just go along thinking up some more nice and appropriate situations, but they won't do—nothing like any of 'em happened. That's why the romance is so romantic—and so different. I haven't said a word about Belle's sister, have I? Well, that was deliberate intention on my part. To make the reader more surprised. This is the place for you to be surprised, Jane. Wait—but not so long as George did. Only, if he hadn't waited until he did, the sister wouldn't have been out of pinafores. She was a little girl, Jane.

This is how it happened: George came over one night with a big bunch of geraniums for Belle. Belle

was living on American beauties about that time, at ten dollars a bunch, and what cared she for the products of the Webster garden, watered though they be with George's tears. They weren't, but you see, Jane, how hard it is for me to keep away from the Libby style—I ought to have been a great novelist, Jane, it's in me, don't you think so? So Belle trun the geraniums down and said, "Oh, la, George, you make me very tired. Go round the house and play mumblypeg. George went. He always did just what Belle said. He found a nice little girl with her hair in two braids sitting on the grass in the peach orchard with her two little brothers, all playing mumblypeg. Great game, that. Ask George if he doesn't think so. He played, oh dear me, yes, and when they finished the game and the brothers went off to bed he took hold of the nice little girl's nice little hand, and they went back to the house, where Belle sat holding court with a thousand adorers and their American beauties stacked up all round her, and said he unto the haughty Belle:

"You can't keep me out of this family. Your little sister says she'll marry me, and now I don't care whether you do or not." And, maybe, Jane, you think that didn't take courage, to up and say those very words to Belle. But a man will do anything for love, won't he? And he had discovered, while playing mumblypeg in the orchard, that it was the little sister he had loved, all along. Now, isn't that perfectly lovely and sweet? And they were married a few moments later, and the little sister wore her hair done up high for the first time—they say George wanted the two braids down her back, but the bridesmaids refused to act unless the wedding was according to Hoyle, so George gave in, and her skirts were let down to the first long dress she had ever worn—and it was altogether the smoothest wedding Webster had ever seen, for George is worth dead loads of money, and gave her diamonds and strings of pearls, and last winter—this all happened two years ago—they bought one of the State buildings—World's Fair, you know—and they've set it up on the Big Bend road as near the very spot as they could get it. What spot? Oh, don't bother me about such trifles, Jane, or you'll spoil my story—the spot where the nice little girl used to make daisy chains, or where George gave her a big red apple, or where they found the first robin's nest in the early spring—anyhow, that was the very spot, and they live there right now, even unto this very day.

Sequel:—Belle isn't married yet.

Tell you some more people with romantic stories out in Webster—why, Jane, girl alive, that suburb

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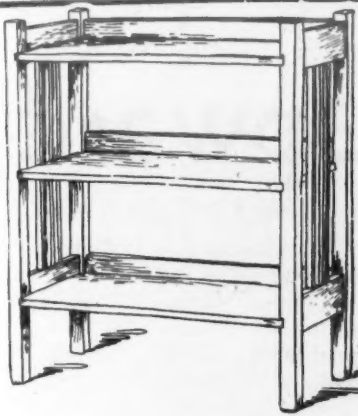
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is just teeming with romance—guess it pervades the atmosphere like the gentle odors of onion in the spring—only this is a little bit of one, for a cent. It concerns the Milton Seropyans. You remember Seropyan, and his delicious Persians and Turkishes and Thibets? He's an Armenian, and the Turkish consul here. He is a very learned gentleman, and a really deep scholar, with lots that is interesting and elegant about him—comes of superfine stock over in Constantinople, and all that. Well, he had been here about a dozen years, when he heard of the Missouri State Historical Society, and so he went down there to learn some more things about his adopted country. Margery Dawson was the librarian there—that clever daughter of the Webster Dawsons, and Mr. Seropyan didn't do a thing but get deeply interested in the society—the Missouri State Historical Society of Margery Dawson—forthwith. Forthwith is the word, Jane, and you needn't tell me the Armenians are slow for they ain't. Margery resigned in about three shakes, and she now lives in a lovely Webster cottage, with the most gorgeous silk rugs on the floors and onto the walls, and on the parlor tables, that you ever laid eyes on, and there is a young Seropyan to crawl all over the rugs and eat up three or four, if he wants to, his papa is so proud of him. Isn't that perfectly dear and darling, Jane? Oh, I tell you what, the suburbs are long on romance, and that's the sober truth.

The Demetrius Jannopoulos live in Webster. Isn't that a high-sounding name for you? They are Greeks, and their house, set way back in a grove of trees, is a model of an old Greek temple. One room has been fitted up with the most gorgeous statues and marble pilasters—and gleaming fountains and all that kind of thing, and they never take visitors there, but you can hear the fountain splashing in the soft, sweet stillness of the summer noon. I think so, at least.

This Jannopoulos is an uncle of Johnny's, and the Greek consul. This is his second wife, and she is very handsome. She has her sister, Penelope Phimabolis, of Athens, visiting her now, and Penelope is a peach of the first water, for I saw her driving through the main boulevard of Webster a few days ago, and she had the real air. Such a pity the suburban train service is so uncertain, and the street cars take so long. Penelope would draw a crowd on West Morgan street or Delmar boulevard inside of ten minutes, but a girl is handicapped way out so far, and you must remember that Mrs. Kent Jarvis, Mrs. George Robinson, and Margery Dawson Seropyan are the brilliant exceptions. Mrs. Johnny Jannop-

oulo is seldom heard from these days. Don't know why, unless she may be out of town or ill—I miss her chic costumes at the Delmar Garden or at the Alps. she is the prettiest thing, anyhow, that ever set a number one Oxford tie on the ground—the genuine Dresden type, with sun-kissed hair, and a rose-leaf complexion, just like a French doll. Then she's nice, too, and not a bit spoiled by so much admiration—she was a Stockton—and all those girls are good looking—Mrs. Frank Estes, distinctly handsome and distingue—and Miss Maud, who lives in New York with her mother. But Mrs. Johnny is my choice, and the most kissable bit of femininity in town. Hers was a runaway match, did you ever know it? Not exactly the Clayton or Belleville kind, but Mamma Stockton didn't think Johnny was rich enough, as he hadn't made much of a pile in those days. So they went off hand in hand and were married, and returned to get the parental blessing, which came, if a trifle delayed. But now Mamma Stockton thinks Johnny perfection itself, and I guess Johnny returns the compliment, as she is one of those comfortable mothers-in-law who stay out of town about eleven months in the year.

I mention the Frank Estes' just above. Frank's an uncle of Joe Folk, but neither he nor Mrs. Estes go much to the capital to visit. I hear that Gov. Folk promised Uncle Frank a Circuit Judgeship, but turned him down when the time came to make good his promise. A mass-meeting of the people Joe turned down would fill the Government building at the World's Fair grounds. And Frank is such a pretty man and would have made such a handsome Judge!

There's bushels more suburban gossip that I want to tell you, but it will have to wait for some town news just now. Stella Wade has announced her engagement—and to a dark horse, nobody even thought was in the running—Charlie Scullin, John Scullin's youngest son, just out of college. I'm terribly sorry, for I had hoped Stella would simply tear things wide open in a social way next winter. She was just about getting her bearings—a girl never knows a thing until she has been out for two years—and Stella is awfully stunning on the looks question, there's no doubt about that. And say, with Pa Wade's money, couldn't she have just had it all her own way? My conscience! When I think what an opportunity she's missed, it makes me weep large salt tears. But the Scullins, good old folks, but up-to-date in every way, are overjoyed. Why wouldn't they be? It's

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nice to have a boy settle down early, and with a girl who has all the charms to make him "never care to wander from his own fireside," one who'll always be

Nugent's Onward and Upward

OUR increasing business impelled us to secure the premises adjoining our present store on Washington avenue, and for months past wreckers, excavators and steel workers have been busy in the construction of our new addition. Quite a large amount of progress has been made, but we are now notified by the contractors we must vacate over 500 feet of counters and shelving to permit the tearing out of the brick walls separating our old store from the new addition. This compels us to sacrifice many cases of new goods in order to make room for the builders. When completed we will offer to the shoppers of St. Louis and vicinity the most modern and best-equipped store west of the Mississippi. Our elevator capacity will be doubled; latest improved parcel conveyors will be installed; refrigeration reaching all parts of the building; a vacuum system for removing every particle of dust; elegant and large waiting rooms, toilet rooms, information bureau, telegraph and telephone, post-office, checking rooms and every convenience for our customers.

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interesting. Stella Wade is like her father, a really jolly sort, and without foolish frills. She's to have a good time, I assure you, with a sister-in-law, Baroness de Gheest, living in Paris, and another married to young Granite Mountain Clarke, and her father-in-law, a fond old fellow, with about steen million, and not a doggone one to begrudge her all that she may get out of life. I hear, by the way, that another Scullin boy, a very bright lawyer, son of John Scullin's brother, Jim, is going to marry Josephine Salorgne, who lives out in the county. His name's Billy. Joe Salorgne and "V." Benoist are inseparable.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ellis are back from their wedding tower. Frank looking very bridegroomly in a delicate gray suit, with lettuce-green necktie. I met them yesterday afternoon in the park. The day before I left Mrs. Edwards' we drove all round the country out there, and I was surprised to find so many fine country homes that nobody ever hears about, except the people who live in them and their relatives. Capt. Luther Conn's fine farm is one. He is Mrs. Frank Hammer's father, Jane, that graceful blonde young woman whom you used to admire so much at the theaters, and at the Country Club. She wears the daintiest clothes this summer—a great deal of pink in embroidered linens which are the Newport rage, I hear. Well, why don't the Hammars up and give a big fete champetre out at the Conn farm—invite all those people who have been entertaining them for years, and do the thing up brown? It wouldn't hurt 'em a single bit, and would do society lots of good. Yes, I know my roasts on the people who don't entertain are getting to be covered with moss and lichens, Jane, but jest the same, I'm going to keep it up until they either reform or move. It's got to be one or the other. The social sponge, Jane, is a pest that should be exterminated like the boll weevil and the seven year itch.

I hear Lionel Chambers is getting very devoted to Leigh Whittemore, she of the ruddy hair. Saw her at dinner a few night ago in a black net gown, and thought she was the most effective creature I ever beheld.

They say the Harry B. Hawses are to build a beautiful home in Busch place, just between the houses of Adolphus Busch and August A. Busch; that Mr. Hawes is to be the great brewery's attorney at law, its political representative, and all that. Gee! but I'm glad if that's true, for I like the Hawses.

Pumps are the summer fad over here, Jane. Are

they wearing them in Paris, and at the Grand Prix? I suppose not, but we have to take things as they come in Missouri. Mildred Stickney keeps to black ones for street wear and for afternoon occasions. She buys the patent leathers with the small flat bow directly over the toe. Jeannette Morton, who is going out again, and very full of spirits—wears white patent leather pumps, with her white linen gowns and her big bunches of lavender sweet pease and her lavender motor veils. I don't care much for the white ones myself, and I really prefer the Oxford ties to pumps, the latter look so kind of undressed and ball-roomy for street wear.

Cards are out for the Lotta Klemm-Capt. Boyd nuptials, and maybe the John Schroers aren't going to give Lotta a bang-up wedding. The military feature will be played up very strong, and I guess from what the girls tell me that it will just about lead the summer.

Dear Mr. Schroers went down East to try to collect some money from that defunct Board of Lady Managers. They owe the Fair management the rest of that hundred thousand that they couldn't manage to spend on receptions, you know. He seems to have rushed in where no self-respecting seraphim would have dared to venture, and he knew Mrs. Manning's coy little ways, too. I'm surprised at John, really, but those Fair directors didn't ever seem to realize what fine, delicately-strung material they had to deal with, on the Board. Men never give us credit for our gentler instincts, Jane, say what you will, and they ought to consider how hard it is for any woman I care not what her World's Fair training may have been, to give up money which she might have spent on doilies and parlor furniture which could have been divided after the Fair was over. Don't you agree with me, darling?

There's talk of an effort to break "Joe" Lucas' will, stories of dreadful influence being used on him, and worse than that. If the story ever gets out, it'll be a whopper sensation. Mrs. "Joe" is off to Europe. The talk of the other Lucases about her and the odd circumstances surrounding Joe's last illness must make her ears burn.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Campbell and their daughter Lois will be near you in Paris. Since Festus Wade and Lorenzo Anderson bought No. 1 Wall street, Jim said he was going abroad to buy either the Arc d-Triumphe or Trafalgar Square, or Unter-den-Linden, or something else he had no use for.

The Alps is open. It looked like World's Fair

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times, and first night the first evening. Everybody in the Blue Book there. A hundred automobiles were parked outside. Gowns! My, but it was a gorgeous scene. And Caesar's chef did stunts that were attuned to Lund's best music. St. Louis isn't going to be so worse with the Alps a-going. Indeed, the Alps is a life-saver for society. There's no place else to go and be seen by the right people

I'm off to Valley Park for the day, Jane. It's getting very popular. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Howard are taking a crowd of us over.

No; Zoe Akins is not married.

BLUE JAY.

MUSIC

At the Delmar.

Another "Girl" from "Dixie" this time—at Delmar Garden. Manager George Kingsbury's company has made this innocuous little "musical comedy" familiar to local audiences, but as presented this week, it is, if anything, more interesting than when originally given. The Delmar company made the most of the ready material, and when that seemed insufficient, culled from various sources to help out. Miss Kent as "Kitty," the "Girl from Dixie," sings a flashy and cheap, but immensely effective waltz, of which the score is blameless. She sings it well, as she does all the music of her role, and neither open air nor hard work seems to affect her, and her voice is as fresh, pure and ringing as it was on the opening night. A remarkable singing prima donna is the comely Kent.

Gus Weinberg, newly added to the company, plays the part originated by L. D. Don. Mr. Weinberg does not give an imitation of the whilom *Regenbogen*. On the contrary, the similarity of the performance ends with the lines. The popular Gus has his own ideas about a German dialect part and makes the rustic *musikant* uproariously funny along strictly Weinbergian lines. An old German comic ditty sung in the first act is one of the hits of the performance.

Miss Mattie Claus, also a newcomer, plays the boy, *Nick Calvert*. She gives him a letter S figure and has him shod and hosed most daintily.

The versatile Miss Fairbairn portrays a ducky "mammy," with her usual skill and finish.

Mr. Harry Short, out of his element as *Lord Dunsmore*, attempts an imitation of Joseph Coyne, and, failing in this, falls back on his unique and clever dance.

Mr. Richard Ridgely supplies a moment of genuine enjoyment to the musically inclined by his admirable singing of a famous English ballad which even stupid pantomime on the part of the soubrette, importuned to drink to him only with her eyes, cannot mar.

William Clifton and W. H. West contribute cleverly, mirth-making character sketches.

Two New Quartettes.

The concert given for the benefit of the Woman's Training School, at the Odeon last week, served to introduce a new male quartet calling itself "The Philharmonic," and a mixed quartette which will woo fame under the appellation of "The Saint Louis Operatic Quartette." The Messrs. Balz, Eichenberger, Goldberg and Hill, composing the Philharmonic, sing extremely well, with nice balance of tone, fidelity to pitch and refined, graceful shading and phrasing. The voices blend perfectly and the ensemble is never disturbed by undue prominence of either part.

The mixed quartette consists of Miss Bruer, Mrs. Fodde, Mr. Baltz and Mr. Goldberg. These young vocalists sing brilliantly and gave very spirited rendi-

tion of the quartette from "Rigoletto," and as a recall number sang a quartette in lighter vein, adding to its effectiveness by introducing amusing bits of business.

CONRATH'S CONSERVATORY

Graduation exercises of Conrath's Conservatory of Music will take place this year at the Odeon on the evening of Tuesday, June 20. Director Conrath has arranged an excellent programme, and has given the closest personal attention to the rendition of each number to be presented by the members of his big class, which is made up as follows:

Graduates of First Degree (Teachers' Course, Award, Diploma:

Piano and Harmony—Miss Bessie Britt, Miss Rose Goldman, Miss Lydia Kaltwasser, Miss Mamie A. Langefort, Miss Fern R. Seeley, Miss Laura Trebus. Vocal and Harmony—Miss Maud Anderson, Miss Ina L. Felch.

Piano—Miss Elise Cramer.

Harmony—Miss Martha F. Gerfen, Miss Ida A. Horstmann.

Graduates of Second Degree, Award, Post Graduate Diploma and Gold Medal:

Piano—Miss Bessie Brey, Miss Alice Seaman.

Graduates of Third Degree, Award, Artist's Diploma and Diamond Medal:

Piano—Mr. Wm. L. Elbrecht, Mr. Wm. L. Kaltwasser.

These talented young ladies and gentlemen will show their proficiency as well as reflect that of their preceptors at the Conservatory in the subjoined programme:

Piano Quartet—"Marche Militaire,"

Schubert

Miss Elise Kramer, Miss Fern R. Seeley, Miss Rose Goldman, Mr. Louis Conrath

Piano Concerto—C major.....Weber

Miss Mamie A. Langefort.

String Quintet and second piano accompaniment.

Vocal Solo—Aria from "Samson and Delilah".....Saint-Saens

Miss Maud Anderson.

Piano Duo—"Gavotte".....Pirani

Miss Laura Trebus and Miss Lydia

Kaltwasser.

Piano Concerto—A minor....Schumann

Miss Bessie Brey.

String Quintet and second piano accompaniment.

Violin Solo—"Fantaisie Russe"

Wienlowski

Mr. Arno Waechtler.

Piano Solo—"Valse Caprice"....Strelezki

Miss Bessie Britt.

Piano Concerto—D minor....Mendelssohn

Miss Alice Seaman

String Quintet and second piano accompaniment.

Vocal Solo—"Se Saran Rose"....Arditi

Miss Ina L. Felch.

Piano Solo—"Hungarian Fantasy". Liszt

Mr. Wm. L. Kaltwasser.

Piano Concerto—C major....Conrath

Mr. Wm. L. Elbrecht.

String Quintet and second piano accompaniment.

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THE FAIR BOND A FRAUD

BY CHARLES A. TODD.

The MIRROR, from the time that the axe was raised against Forest Park to make way for Director Taylor's "picture," has not feared to open its pages to condemnation of this vandal destruction of our finest park; a park, in many respects, unique in its glory of ancient trees, hills, glades and other characteristics peculiarly fitting it for the simple enjoyment of the people.

So absolutely opposed was the public to the least danger of mischief to the park that a special ordinance was passed guaranteeing against any damage whatever; and, in consequence, a merely nominal bond of \$100,000 was required of the Exposition Company.

Naturally, after such a bulwark of safety had been raised, our people were paralyzed when an army of axemen and graders were suddenly turned loose in the park to destroy forever what the law had so solemnly determined to protect.

A great international enterprise devised to demonstrate to the world the progress of art and civilization in our country, is erected on the ruins of law, defiantly, contemptuously nullified, and of a park, the chief ornament of the city, the victim of a vandal destruction! Another instance of municipal degradation in America.

To make assurance doubly sure, the ordinance requires that in case there should be damage done the park the bond should be correspondingly increased. Accordingly, while the lawless vandalism was still in progress an expert employed by the city, declared that \$650,000 would not, at that time, make good the "wanton destruction." President Francis also refused to obey this demand of the law, and would not agree to any increase.

Suitably to end this shameful story of high-handed law breaking and civic pusillanimity, now comes the Exposition Company before the city assembly with a proposition to surrender certain buildings and the \$100,000 bond and thus wash its hands of any further responsibility. Note that the ordinance requires the Exposition Company to restore the park within twelve months! It would be hard to match this proposition under the circumstances, for unblushing effrontery. The law becomes but a tattered scarecrow when its strongest provisions are treated with secure contempt.

Mr. Francis is head of the Exposition Board of Management. Indeed, as he has assumed unchecked, most of the glory, has figured as "head center" in all the business matters, and, as a sort of apotheosis, had an extra day of the Fair dedicated to him solely, it is entirely within reason to hold him responsible for all the various acts above cited, including this last clever dodge to wash his hands clean and white from further financial cost.

A paltry \$100,000 to offset the illegal destruction of a large part of Forest Park! Why, President Francis got nearly two million dollars out of his

deal in the Colorado Railroad alone that was extended into the Park. Some speculative citizens, without due respect to Mr. Francis, might say that he had steered the Fair into the park to sell to advantage that very unremunerative investment. Its dirt ballast made a popular foot-path out to Creve Cœur; I've walked it many a time. The Rock Island Railroad has spoiled all that with sharp rock filling; no more free foot excursions by that line.

The \$100,000 bond becomes a fraud when it is offered to cover even a small part of the cost of making over the devastated site into a park. Such a bond was stated in the ordinance, because, so far as the law could insure, the park was guaranteed against harm. That President Francis should, unchecked, be allowed to make himself legislature, judge, and executive of St. Louis, even to the extent of abrogating laws distasteful to himself—that may be Napoleonic, certainly it is not American. It was not necessary to destroy Forest Park or any of the parks. Mr. Walter B. Stevens, (now secretary of the Exposition), in a most valuable article published in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, dated April 26, 1901, warned emphatically against using a park, showing how in Chicago, although Jackson Park used by the Columbian Exposition, was but "a collection of sand heaps, the site as unpromising as could be well imagined," yet after long controversy, the Fair directors were glad to compromise with the city for the damage done by giving up twenty-seven exhibition buildings, etc., etc., and \$200,000 cash. Forest Park was not a sand heap. Mr. Stevens gives a scheme of his own, which, if followed, would have been both to the gain of the city and to the credit of the Exposition Company. There is, above all, the question of sewerage the Des Peres creek, which is now forced upon the city; a most expensive work. As a matter of justice to the city and his associates, suppose President Francis pays the costs with a few of those "boom" dollars and let the bond go.



SAGE'S CONTRIBUTION

A late story of Russell Sage tells how a committee of society women waited upon him and asked a subscription to some charitable object. Carnegie, Rockefeller, and Morgan, were down for a thousand or two each, and Mrs. Russell Sage's name appeared opposite the modest sum of \$100. The old financier reached for his pen and his fair visitors were jubilant until he handed back the subscription list. He had merely written "Mr. and" in front of "Mrs. Russell Sage."



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A HEWLETT PASTORAL

In the presentation of the pastoral, "Pan and the Young Shepherd," at the closing exercises of the Kirkwood Monday Evening Club last week, the occasion passed beyond one of merely local interest, and assumed the dignity of a literary event.

That a dramatic poem, so genuinely literature, should have been conformed into an acting play, and presented with the unique adjuncts of a prologue, and incidental music specially written for this performance is significant. That such a play was selected, and that its performance proved an unalloyed joy to the club members and their several hundred guests, is a hopeful sign in this generation of would-be makers of literature.

The stage—a grassy plot under high heaven—gave the necessary breadth and sweep to the imagination. Trees and moon added to the witchery of natural scenery, and the grove at "Woodlawn" echoed with voices from the land of spirit and imagination. The air was filled with the genius and charm of Maurice Hewlett, colloquially known through "The Forest Lovers" and "The Queen's Quair," and more discriminatingly admired as the author of "New Canterbury Tales," "Earthwork Out of Tuscany," and "A Mask of Dead Florintines;" and, one is tempted to say,

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not at all known as the author of "Pan and the Young Shepherd—A Pastoral." That a poem of such deep spiritual significance and such exquisite melody, in both lyric and blank verse, is a product of this age of cant and commercialized "literachoor," lifts the century from the humdrum and practical into the realms of poetry and romance, into the chivalry and glory of the Middle Ages.

In universality of spirit it suggests the feeling and imagination of Wagner, while the chords of human nature vibrate so true that but one name hesitatingly flutters to the lips—Shakespeare.

Maurice Hewlett is one of the few modern writers who has taken his degree at Oxford, and whose intellectual equipment has led him into paths from which one may not emerge without a generous share of that residuum of education known as culture. That rare and priceless possession gained only through ceaseless and soulful seeking, and yet most often referred to as though it were done up in two-penny parcels and dumped on the collegiate skulls of protesting adolescence. Hewlett refers to his Oxford days as time apparently wasted by a very disagreeable young man. But Oxford was not wasted on Hewlett, and when, later, he drifted into Italy, the land of poetry and song, of picture and story, under the spell of her musical vowels, and pulsating atmosphere, vibrant with the expressed beauty of centuries, his apprenticeship was ended. His genius found expression in this poem which unites the elements of all art. The picturesque never fails, and in the liquid notes of the lyric and the longer sweeps of blank verse, one finds both music and poetry. Yet all this exquisiteness of sound merely subserves to the dramatic element—the intense human

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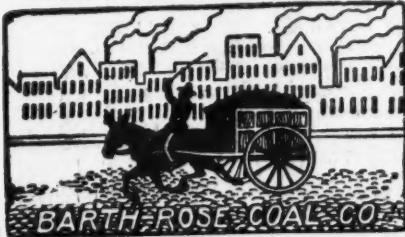
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interest—the universal note which is sounded throughout the poem—man. This drama of conflict between the spirit of man and the forces of the world is enacted among the simple fisher-folk of Champney Valtort, in Pasceny and the hills about. Some of Shakespeare's characters illustrate the physiological expression of psychological fact—notably *Bottom*, who actually grew the asses' ears which *Malvolio* merely suggested. Hewlett, in naming his characters, betrays a certain association of ideas, a relationship between the ancestry of the name, as it were, and the nature or condition of the person upon whom he bestows it.

The same habit of thought may be traced in his use of words generally, and his mental wanderings lead him into many and varied folds over vast tracts of literary kinship. *Neonias*, the "young shepherd," and *Geron*, his grandfather, are easily disposed with a memory of Greece, and the *gerontes*, members of the supreme court of law, of ancient Sparta—all of whom were past sixty years of age. In the character of *Geron*, the old shepherd, Hewlett personifies the spirit of worldly wisdom and thrift.

There is a mystery ever surrounding *Balkis*, the mother of *Neonias*, "*Balkis*, the sea-bred woman with the white neck," brought home by *Geron's* son, "on a fearsome night o' rain and wind . . . the sea birds round the house screeching the dark through." *Balkis* knows many things beyond the ken of the valley people about her, and there is a certain fascination in fancying that Hewlett drew her name and nature from the old Anglo-Saxon word, "baelcian"—the shout of fishermen, from which is probably derived the English localism "balk"—to balk or signal the fisherman from the shore about schools of fish. The *Balkis* of Hewlett's imagination doubtless knew and loved the sea, the source of her being;—perhaps strange sounds, and weird knowledge came to her through the clamor and clash of the elements when storms rode the heavens.

Then *Sitys*, one of the earth spirits, one of the watchers of the hours of the night when the moon is abroad, who can say that she may not have derived her existence from the shade of *Sita*, the heroine of the Indian epic, "The Ramayana, the memory of *Sita*, who married *Soma*, the king of plants and herbs, and identical with the moon. And so on through this group of the daughters of the earth who sing joyful songs of the world to the young shepherd.

Pheno, Erotion, Dryas Geerna, Adora, and Aglae—the mere names are full of a subtle suggestion of the unity of all the ages, a hinting at endless association with the poetry and the music and the mystery of the elemental forces of the universe—the myth and fable which gave birth to language and thought. Through this group—the two shepherds, *Balkis*, the earth spirits, three rustics, and a peasant girl who loves *Neonias*, the story is told. The story of the conflict which was, and is,

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—the old fight which is never fought,—the war between the spirit and the flesh, between good and evil,—between the young shepherd, into whose soul was born heavenly pity and love, and the Pan-spirit of force and cruelty.

Aglæ, sorrowing under the weight of world woe—under the Pan curse of dumbness and terror, is released by Neanias—the spell is worked off when the spirit of pity and love comes into her world. But what love has begun, is checked by the hatred of Merla—who "thought evil, and brought evil," and speech is still denied. The evil in Merla's heart is the link still binding the dumb Aglæ, to the past, and the forces of evil—to Pan. Aglæ is again lost—Neanias again seeks her, the mark of Pan upon his brow. While they stumble blindly through the storm, God's love, and her love for the shepherd boy redeem poor Merla, and pity is born into another soul. Hatred is lifted from Merla's heart. What love alone could not do, sacrifice accomplishes. Merla gives herself to appease the wrath of the great god, Pan. The curse is lifted. Aglæ and Neanias are free.

"Merla doth give what she could keep.
So cometh speech to pass."

FOREST PARK HIGHLANDS

Mme. Slapoffski, one of the most delightful singers who has ever been heard at Forest Park Highlands, where she is a totally new attraction this week, won her fame as a dramatic soprano at Covent Garden, London. Her husband, an Australian, is over in this country now, and accompanies the Madame in her songs at the Highlands by directing the orchestra and playing the violin. He and his wife belong to the leading musicians of England. Staley and Birbeck, the transformationists, are another capital attraction, and so down the line to the Biograph with its graphic picture of "The Looting of the Overland Express." Next week the headliner will be that wonder of wonders, Paul Conchas, Kaiser Wilhelm's Military Hercules, who balances genuine Krupp shells and all the weapons of modern warfare, even a cannon, in a manner in which such things have never been handled before. Jim Morton, the fellow of infinite jest, as he pleases to call himself, will be another head-liner. Snider and Buckley are popular with Highland's patrons, and the Doherty Sisters are a lively attraction. The Biograph will be retained.

Dr. Martin M. Ritter, widely known as a successful specialist in the treatment of eye, ear, nose and throat diseases, has located in St. Louis, where he will be better able to attend to his rapidly increasing practice. He has opened offices in the Star building, Twelfth and Olive streets. Dr. Ritter brings the highest testimonials as to his ability and his successful practice. He comes to St. Louis from Chicago, where he was an instructor in the Northwestern University Medical School, Chicago Postgraduate Medical School, member of the diphtheria staff of the Chicago Health Department, and oculist and aurist for the Columbia charity dispensary. His record and his reputation as a man and a specialist entitle him to the respectful consideration and the confidence of those afflicted with those diseases to which he will devote



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Avoid imitations and their annoyances.

A NEW EMPIRE OF WEALTH

The American Tropics and Their Cocoa and Banana Plantations as a Field for Profitable Investment.

The war of 1898, which ended Spanish dominion on this continent, bringing us occupancy of the islands of the Pacific, a readjustment of our commercial vision and a closer alignment with the commerce of the entire world, has had for its more immediate effect nothing more stable or promising than our acquirement of rights on the American Isthmus and the completion, within measurable distance of the completion of the Panama Canal. A commerce that for many years has effected eastern and western interchange is likely now to tend in the opposite direction; indeed, such a realignment cannot be delayed a day after the piercing of that narrow neck of land that still unites the two Americas. In advance of the inevitable trend of affairs, commercial nations are already studying the probable effect of the change of conditions soon to arise. In this interchange the world's food supply is bound to be very definitely affected, because in recent years there has been noted a very decided falling-off in the consumption of certain kinds of food, and a corresponding increase in others. The Tropics, it may be said, have hitherto given us only luxuries. The fruits of the upper torrid zone are known to us in but a few well defined varieties. How they are entering into the uses of the peoples of the temperate zone; how, in fact, the United States is soon destined to be the distributor as well as the consumer of an entirely new line of food staples, is a subject on which few even well-read persons have been able to form an intelligent opinion, and next to no active merchants and enterprising financiers made an acquaintance.

Among the new food industries calculated to revolutionize our methods and character of table-supply in the near future, none is more promising than the cocoa, or chocolate industry, which, outside the West Indies, is hardly known. Chocolate is to-day a luxury. Under the impetus of efforts now working in this country, it will soon become a necessity. The average American regards it as a base for confections of various kinds, toothsome things for which, it is true, a very decided taste may be acquired, but which from one end of the year to the other can be dispensed with. Of course, scientific men, students and that larger class of statesmen that look to the welfare of people rather than to their own temporary advantage, know better. And it is from these that the world for the last fifty years has gradually learned the great truths of hygienic and nutritive values of the cocoa and its inseparable tropic companion, the banana tree.

As far back as the middle of the Nineteenth Century, and well within the memory of men still living, the great German savant, Baron von Humboldt, in his famous American visit, indicated, if he did not actually establish, two tremendous facts regarding the later development of this Western continent: the general location of the gold-bearing ledges of the Rocky Mountain region and beyond, and the immense productivity and food value of the fruits of the northern tropics. To Humboldt's far-seeing eye, the Cordillera of North America fairly teemed with precious metals, and less than two years after he had visited a region (where subsequent settlements of pioneers and argonauts were honored by his name), the first great westward "trekk" of the gold hunters of this country commenced, and the discovery of countless El Dorados began. Wending his way toward the American Isthmus, Humboldt found the dense forests of the wild banana, and his examination convinced him, seer of the ma-

terial universe that he was, that this little growth, with its wealth of cylindrical fruit, its marvelous productiveness and wondrous nutritive values was certain, in time, to revolutionize the world's method of alimentation.

How well his first prediction was realized the world knows; nor is it at all likely that it will be disappointed in the second. We know to-day, in a general way, that the cocoa tree is the greatest money-producer in the vegetable world. What men looking for new opportunities desire to learn specifically is the facts on which the general, restricted conclusion is based. Now, since Panama has the center of America's exploitative stage the fact has developed that that narrow strip of land, and Costa Rica, immediately adjoining, are the greatest producers, actual and prospective, of the cocoa and banana crops in the world, the West Indies not excepted. On our continent proper, nothing like such productiveness of soil has ever been discovered as has in recent years been laid bare in the region mentioned. The soil is the result of thousands of years of fertilization by means of the decay of tropical vegetation under a burning sun whose rays are quenched by copious

ing. The harvest is perennial, there being no month or day on a Panama banana and cocoa plantation that the little black men from Jamaica, the only ones whose health is spared in those food jungles, do not come in laden with the choicest fruits—fruits that are finding an automatic market farther north and for which all of Europe will soon be clamoring, once the intrinsic value of this marvelous addition to the food of nations is rightly understood. At that, the culture of cocoa is only in its infancy, having but lately been taken up by advanced tropical fruit growers who had to learn that the cocoa and banana culture must go together, fairly side by side, because the shade afforded by the banana is the life of the growing cocoa tree. Without this little adumbration which the banana tree is able to afford its less striving companion, the latter would never be enabled to ripen its rich yield of fragrant beans which the world is now consuming as food, as medicine, and in the arts, in increasing fabulous measure.

In Panama even the uncultivated cocoa tree is profitable, but when its growth is curtailed by cultivation, it reaches a height of but eight feet, the wild tree shooting up about thirty. Each of these cultivated trees yields from \$12 to \$20 per annum in cocoa beans. After eight years of cultivation the average yield per tree is from 15 to 20 pounds of beans according to

ground the first bunch is ready to be cut. From the same root many stems spring during the year, so that when one stem and bunch is cut, another is ready to take its place. The old stem, with its mass of luxuriant leaves, is allowed to lie on the ground, so that the banana is really its own fertilizer, continually enriching the soil from which its own sustenance has been drawn.

The total cost of raising a bunch of bananas, from the time the root is put into the ground until the bunch is placed on board ship and sold to the shippers, is ten cents in our currency. The shippers, under contract, pay thirty to thirty-one cents, leaving a net profit to the planter of twenty to twenty-one cents.

Recurring for a moment to the dictum of Alexander v. Humboldt and the wonderful prescience of this greatest of explorers, it is now found that a nutritive and palatable flour can be produced from the banana, and this latest product is rapidly taking the place of the increasingly expensive wheaten flour as a food for the poorer classes. As to the relative value of banana flour to wheat, it is ascertained that the banana plant produces fourteen times as much flour as the potato, and 130 times as much as wheat, while its intrinsic nutritive value is greatly in excess of either. Like cocoa, it yields more profit with less expenditure of cost and



Bunch of Bananas.

tropical rains. Thousands upon thousands of acres of this soil, to a depth in many places of thirty feet, are a black soft loam in which vegetation of all kinds simply grows rank and in startling abundance. Explorers in recent years in that dense jungle of potential food supply declare that soil, climate and the elements nowhere else on earth have combined in making any region the peer of Panama as a natural forcing house for plants, fruits and vegetables for the entire world's consumption. What a prospect this holds out for the American investor who intelligently gauges the commercial possibilities of the Panama Canal or the anticipation of its completion! There is hardly a day, all the year round, on which some rain does not fall in the Isthmian region. The rain is almost invariably followed by a period of intensely bright, hot sunshine, enervating, if you will, to the white man, dangerous perhaps to the unacclimated individual from wheresoever he may hail, but marvelously effective on the growths of the country.

The banana and cocoa trees reproduce their fruits here with more than mechanical celerity. The plants, once regulated by initial cultivation, need no attention scarcely, other than harvest-

soil and climate. There is a steady increase in the yield per tree from year to year until it reaches its twelfth year, after which, for fully thirty more, it will average the same yearly production.

The crops of the West Indies are world-famous, but United States consular and other official reports by experts already show that the output of Panama and Costa Rica is becoming if indeed it is not already, the finest in the world. The profits attested by the planters in the continental region leave little doubt on this score, nor the almost fabulous expansion of the tropical fruit importation as instanced in the case of one corporation which, beginning less than twenty years ago with a small acreage and a few vessels, now commands a fleet of 84 of the finest fruit steamers in the world, and has often declared an annual dividend of one hundred per cent. To-day it represents a capitalization of \$50,000,000, making it one of the greatest of its kind in the world.

Enough has been said regarding the wonders of the banana as a vegetable, but many words could not exhaust the story of its productivity. Where the plants are cultivated, eleven months after the sucker or sprout is put into the

energy than any other known fruit or vegetable.

The banana tree and its fruit are not scourged by disease or insect pests, another almost providential thing when one recollects that nowhere on earth, the African jungle alone excepted, is there such a plethora of uncontrollable insect life as on the American Isthmus. The bunches of bananas of the cultivated tree weigh from 85 to 120 pounds and contain from 280 to 360 bananas. Fruitful as is the soil of Panama, tremendous under scarcely any cultivation as is the yield, the banana supply of the lower Central American region, all told, does not begin to meet the demand which is constantly increasing and likely to reach stupendous proportions before the present planters fully realize its possibilities. The cocoa bean grown in Costa Rica (the Rich Coast) and Panama, ranges in price from 40 cents to \$1.20 a pound, and beans of the best quality are entering more and more into the uses of medicine and pharmacy; in fact, a plan to raise them exclusively for this market would, in itself, be a business undertaking of certain and large profit. Chocolate is being recognized more and more by advanced physicians and hygienists as a food stimulant of great actual and

FOREST PARK HIGHLANDSTHE BIG PLACE ON THE HILL
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latent possibilities, and the big chemical and pharmlacal manufacturers are using it more and more each year as the ready *menstruum* for the exhibition of remedies. In various forms as a food and as a food stimulant for infants, adults and the aged, chocolate in place of the conventional breakfast, dinner and supper beverages, as well as the right drink before retiring, is achieving a noteworthy place on the tables of the wealthy and well-to-do; and it is but a question of a short time when mankind will accept as proven the now already well-understood statement that chocolate is one of the few products that in a solid as well as a liquid state hold in suspension all the elements for the support of the human body in a state of good health and equal nourishment.

A word more about the climate of Panama, now that the daily papers frequently refer to this subject with more or less of the inevitable exaggeration. Some one has said with fine emphasis, "Panama as a white man's residence is hell on earth; for the white man's dollar 'tis a mine in heaven!" At that the great fact must not be undervalued that the United States government on the Isthmus is going to work in characteristic fashion to change conditions, aided by the similar experience recently gained in Havana and other parts of Cuba. America comes nearer being a godly nation by its inherent physical cleanliness than by the possession of any other similar attribute. As a native people we hate filth because we know it breeds disease, discomfort and death. We fight it as we would an invading enemy, and what we have accomplished in Cuba is an earnest of that which we shall do wherever similar problems present themselves for our physical adjudication. In Panama fevers of various kinds abound, and it would be untruthful to say that they are not extremely dangerous to the average unacclimated white man. But hundreds of white men from all parts of the globe live there in luxury and contentment, having approached the task of getting rich on Nature's bounty with an eye to the main chance, that is, getting rich and remaining alive to enjoy it. For labor the planters of Panama rely unfailingly on that sturdy breed of people, the Jamaica negro, who has lived on the islands of the West Indies and the mainland for centuries. It was the labor of these workers that freed Havana from the yellow scourge, just as before them their own flesh and blood began the Panama Canal under French and will have to finish it under American auspices. This labor is both abundant and cheap and the feeding and housing of it on a large plantation, as can readily be seen, is but another source of legitimate profit to the planters of the Isthmus. In this connection it is well to remember that the Republic of Panama is not the Panama Province of the Republic of Colombia, the hot-bed of revolution and political discord. Uncle Sam, among other blessings, has brought peace to the Isthmian strip and labor is hastening thither as at no time in all its picturesque history. The Panama of to-day is a well governed, law-abiding country where the native's, the foreigner's and the American's money and investments are as safely protected by law as anywhere else on earth. It is this material fact that makes investment in the finest fruit-growing country in the world a matter of such properly alluring interest at the present time. When one but casually considers the millions upon millions of dollars which American investors are pouring annually into unproductive oil and mining ventures, to say nothing of visionary patent devices, the wonder is that Panama, its banana plantations and cocoa groves have not come more clearly into the field of advanced and certainly profitable speculation.

But while the major portion of this

great field for profitable investment may have lain fallow, it has been reserved for at least one corporation, the American Chocolate Culture Company with general offices in this city (210-212 Fullerton Building), to prepare. The company owns, occupies and cultivates an improved banana plantation of 2180 acres, now producing considerably over \$100,000 worth of fruit per annum. This company has arranged for the extension of its holdings by the planting of cocoa trees among its banana groves, the two plants supplementing each other in that the cocoa tree needs the shade of the banana plant, as has already been shown. From the banana plants alone the necessary revenue for this extensive improvement will be derived. Adjacent to the company's plantation are 30,000 acres of virgin semi-tropical forest land embracing the richest soil that has been discovered in the Republic of Panama. Profitable from the start, the company is now seeking capital for this necessary widening of its sphere of activity, and its general manager, who has just arrived in St. Louis after a thorough survey of the present and prospective holdings of the company, will be thoroughly equipped with the best plantation machinery, including all the latest devices for plantation transportation, launches and the like, for the quicker and hence more profitable garnering of the perennial harvest.

♦ ♦ ♦

Senior Partner—We had best have the bookkeeper's books examined. I saw him at the race-track yesterday!

Junior Partner—Indeed!

"Yes, and he was betting on the same horse I was!"—N. Y. Life.

Summer days will soon put to the test your choice of underwear. It is the foundation of your clothes—comfort—therefore, choose well.

Stop to consider, we've specialized and given the study of underwear textiles our best efforts. The most eminent world-renowned makers are here represented in Lisle, Silks, Balbriggans, Sea Island Cottons and Silk-mixed Fabrics in regular and special sizes and all weights, Union Suits, Knee Drawers and Athletic Shirts—50c and up to \$10 the garment.

**Werner Bros.**The Republic Building,
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According to the *Pall Mall Gazette* of London, "it is the common experience of the doctor and the nurse that of the certain percentage of well-to-do mothers who desire to nurse their children an increasing number are unable to do so." The *Gazette* writer says that he cannot quote statistical evidence, "but it would certainly appear that our mothers were far better able to nurse their children than are our wives; the present generation of mothers seems to be on the way to the loss of the power to discharge the most characteristic and the most significant function of mammalian motherhood. At least equally serious, and perhaps even more abundant, is the lack, not of the power, but of the will to nurse. While a large percentage of the willing cannot, a large percentage of the able will not. Whether the physical incapacity, which threatens to turn out a 'new woman' who cannot call herself a mammal, or the moral incapacity, which makes a woman rank lower in the ethical scale than the mothers of animal species long extinct, from which she would not care to admit that she is descended, be the more deplorable, it is impossible to say."

♦ ♦ ♦

She always darned her hose with silk—
The holes were quite extensive—
The price of silk was very high;
Which made them darned expensive.

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Confectionery Store.

When you were engaged
THE YOUNG LADY RECEIVED A BOX OF

Kuyler's

ALMOST DAILY—
HOW OFTEN DOES
YOUR WIFE NOW RECEIVE
A BOX OF THESE
DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS?

REPENT AND MAIL YOUR
ORDERS, AT SHORT INTERVALS, TO
Kuyler's 716 OLIVER STREET
ST. LOUIS

EIGHTEEN OTHER STORES & SALES AGENTS EVERYWHERE.
CANDIES SENT ANYWHERE, BY MAIL & EXPRESS.

Miss Wilhelmina W. Lowe,
HARPIST.

Has returned from a European trip with
Sousa's Band and will accept pupils.
Tel. 5382 Clemens
Forest 3564. Avenue

REOPENING OF THE ALPS

There is every reason to believe that the re-opening of the Alps, which event occurred last Saturday, has met with a response even heartier than that evidenced by the big, fashionable and often distinguished audiences that have thronged the big place since the beginning of the 1905 season. So much seems assured: the management has intelligently gone about a demonstration that a fifty-man orchestra, made up of St. Louis musicians under an approved leader, a cafe under an experienced manager, a resort that was the social glory of the World's Fair and a disposition to treat the right kind of people in the right sort of way, are likely to prove an irresistible combination. John Lund, the musical director, is a musician of the best class and achievement, and has devoted himself all his life in Europe as well as here, to one department of his art: orchestral conducting. But the indications are that more material matters have already been accomplished, namely, provision for the needs of that increasing class of our citizens who for business and other reasons remain in town during the summer season and who desire something better, let us say, than has heretofore been offered. The Alps, in this respect, with its memories of the world's greatest fair, its beautiful panorama blending with the best landscape, readiness of access, etc., should of right be preserved to the people of St. Louis another season, at least, and the re-opening undertaking of Messrs. Hannerty and Strine and their associates will, it is believed, go far toward realizing these desires. Certainly the start was all right, the crowds at the opening and since have enjoyed themselves, the "surprise" idea is working out much pleasantly in that good male quartet singing, and other numbers apart from program announcements always please; and this feature, it is expected, will be further developed; so that while the orchestra and Mr. Lund are always to remain the tonal centerpiece of the Alps, the employment of other local talent of the best class will set off the programs nightly with much admirable innovation. For the remainder of the week the orchestra has some of the brightest numbers on its repertoire, culled from Mr. Lund's library that contains, fully "instrumented," some hundred compositions. Concerts are given every night with matinees on Saturday and Sunday.

AN ELEGANT TRAIN

The "Knickerbocker Special," St. Louis to Indianapolis, Buffalo, New York and Boston, with through sleepers, dining car, library, cafe cars; also BARBER SHOP and BATH, leaves St. Louis at noon. Tickets, Big Four office, Broadway and Chestnut streets.

Mr. Arthur A. Kocian, of the Noonan-Kocian Co., leaves for the art centers of Europe on Tuesday, the 20th. He will be pleased to execute any commissions entrusted to his care.

ON TOP



Surpassing Excellence
Recognized,
"WHITE SEAL."
MOËT & CHANDON
CHAMPAGNE
HEADS THE LIST OF IMPORTATIONS
INTO THE UNITED STATES
AND SALES IN THE WORLD
WITH THE UNEQUALLED TOTAL OF
336,430
CASES
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CAIRO

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MOBILE

NEW ORLEANS

JACKSONVILLE

THROUGH PULLMAN SLEEPERS
BETWEEN
ST. LOUIS AND MOBILE
ST. LOUIS AND NEW ORLEANS

ASK FOR TICKETS VIA M. & O. R. R.

Prosecutor (examining talesmen)—
Have you ever known the prisoner or
his counsel?

Talesman—Yes—his counsel gave me

some advice once in a lawsuit.

Prosecutor—You are excused—you
would evidently sympathize with the
prisoner.—N. Y. Life.

THE NEW THEBES BRIDGE

Business Foresight and Engineering Skill Raise a New Monument in the Great Southwest.

In a general sense old Horace Greeley was right a quarter of a century ago when he bade the young man of his day to go West. West in those days was a glittering generalization with much attractiveness for the youth of the already over-crowded East. To-day, in the absence of as fine a seer as the philosopher of the seventies the slogan to the youth of the land is: Young man, go Southwest. It's the wise young man who heeds this, and it is the great railway systems of this part of the Union that are pointing him the way. The railway systems apprehending as well as following the inexorable trend of commercial events, it is they whose finger-posts as evidenced in increase of mileage and betterment of facilities tell of the location of new developmental and commercial Eldorados. "There is the East" (pointing toward the setting sun), "there is India," said another seer at a day earlier than Horace Greeley's, our nearer prophet, Thomas H. Benton. Were he as much of us to-day as his spirit is, he, too, would less prophetically than well-advisedly say: "There is the Southwest, there is the Isthmus, South America, the Philippines, Japan and China," and thereby foretell the American process of world-girdling.

While the railroad highways of commerce that follow our parallels of latitude are to-day being managed with much care toward the reduction of passenger schedules and the amelioration of passenger traffic, the new pioneer work for the immediate future is being done by the great Southwest systems among which the Cotton Belt with its strong St. Louis financial organizational and commercial anchorage is a conspicuous example. Considering the importance of the event, judged by its relation to the general development of our Southwestern territory, the opening of the new Thebes Bridge on April 18 last, the first reports of the dedication of that big structure to public uses hardly were abreast of a true appreciation of its importance. "Another bridge across the Mississippi" was announced, and the casual reader of newspapers lacking access to technical data, scanned the lines, hardly making mental note of the immediate effect on business of the new structure. Yet how great an engineering enterprise, how prescient a span of traffic. Even in an age where speed of construction is the marvel rather than plan it took the projectors and builders of this immense transfluvial viaduct three years to see the fruition of their endeavors in the consummation of the work of thousands of skilled laborers being employed unceasingly during all that time. The outlay was over a million dollars a year, the total approximating \$3,500,000. The value of this investment from a purely financial point of view is best understood by the fact, elicited from the financial reports of

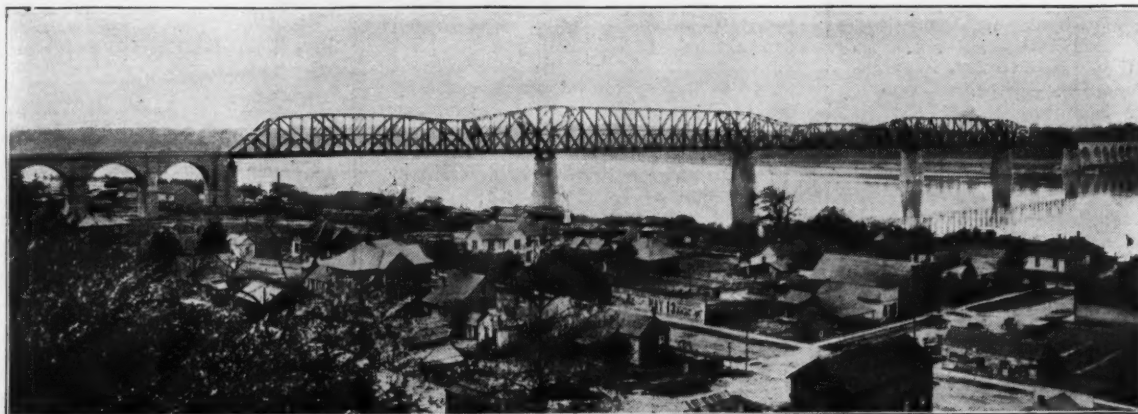
the Cotton Belt's corps of experts, that had orders been given to rear the Thebes Bridge only a decade previously, the cost would have been fully a million dollars more. They do not deny the other fact that it would have been an excellent investment even ten years earlier, and at a twenty-five per cent increase of outlay; and whatever their present regrets may be in the premises, it is more than likely that they will be completely assuaged in the near future when the immense benefit derivable from their work begins to manifest itself in all its fullness, actual and prospective. But ten years ago the plans after which the Thebes Bridge was built was not even dreamed of. The difficulties encountered in the construction would then have been insuperable. The experts tell us that their work is of the composite style. It embodies in

ture of five immense spans was thrown across the Father of Waters in America's "Egypt," much after the manner of day-labor as it obtained in Africa's Egypt near the Thebes where to-day stands the great Dam of Assouan. The central span of the bridge at Thebes is considerably longer than the longest Eads Bridge span at St. Louis, being 671 feet in the clear. The two side spans, on either side of the channel measure a trifle over 521 feet. The two end spans are 518½ feet, the two fixed spans on either side of the central or channel span being 75 feet high between centers of chords; the suspended spans are 55 feet high, between chords at the center; the distance center to center of trusses being 32 feet. An idea of the size of the bridge can here be had, when it is recalled that fourteen thousand tons of steel entered into its construction.

Where for centuries before the advent of this monument of enterprise the Mississippi flowed unvexed to the sea, there have now arisen out of its silty bed six main masonry piers, the lowest

lic, and the great railway interest that is making for control of traffic of what is yet to all intents and purposes unexplored territory. In the first place the new bridge side-tracks the Cotton Belt's extensive and costly ferry service at the point, and takes a precious hour out of the passenger schedule between St. Louis and Texas. This gain is now experimental as to the sixty minutes. That it will grow until a substantial reduction of the running time of Cotton Belt trains between St. Louis and the Texas territory will be achieved goes without saying. The biggest gain is in the freight schedule where nearly one-fourth of a day has been lopped off with a larger time discount to follow. In keeping with this great improvement over ferriage, and in time annihilation the Cotton Belt has spent a vast sum in terminal improvements at Illmo, just west of the new bridge. The company now owns all terminals and track facilities on that side of the river.

More important yet than any of the preceding considerations is the fact that the giving over to traffic of the new



a daring and unique manner the three principles of construction known respectively as the fixed, through and cantilever plans. Not one alone of these plans would have sufficed. The engineers had to invent a structural scheme and fit it to an extraordinary need. The shifting river, the uncertain shore-line, the varying locations of bed-rock, the immensity of the span, the length of the approaches, the exigencies of river traffic taking into consideration the indeterminable heights of the stream, its treacherous quicksands and hundreds of other matters the mere mention of which would swell into a "catalogue of insuperables," had to be regarded before the inception and during every day of the progress of the standard work. The plan hit upon was found, as its defenders claimed from the start, to be the one that would materially reduce the cost as well as permit the swiftest progress consistent with safety and ultimate success. The engineers surveyed up and down the river on both shores during many months, until they located the exact spot where the bluffs on either side would entail the least cost and labor of building the approaches. So Thebes was chosen as against the pardonable solicitude of many other places, work was begun, and a continuous steel struc-

strata of which rest on the very ribs of the earth—on bed-rock necessitating the rearing of piles upon piles of rock which reach a height of 231 feet. Only about one-third of these spire-like creations is visible; the rest being surrounded by the Mississippi's murky flood or buried in the mud and sand of its bed. Concrete arches of graceful design, graceful because the work they do is reflected in their contour, form the approaches on each side. In the east approach there are five 65-foot arches, in the west approach the number is six of this size and one of one hundred feet. Some 35,000 cubic yards of Portland cement were used here. These arches carry a double track, ballasted 85-pound rails being used. The bridge's length, all told, is nearly five miles (4.7), the bridge proper being 3,807 feet in length.

Wisely as the builders have built, as wisely projected the projectors. While another bridge across the Mississippi at the point where the largest traffic was ultimately to be expected, was a matter that engaged the attention of traffic managers long before the engineering experts adverted to it, the time for the erection of the structure was fittingly chosen, and its completion came within the era of realizing the best expectations of shippers, the general pub-

Thebes Bridge takes the Cotton Belt into the very front rank among the important lines from St. Louis to the Southwest. A slogan that must sound pleasingly to our merchants here in St. Louis—the Southwestern gateway—is: a new fast freight service between Texas, Arkansas, Louisiana and St. Louis and way-stations. From river to rail, and rail to fast freight, is steady progress, and the Cotton Belt is the first of the Southwestern roads to grasp the full meaning of this change. From St. Louis to Texas means a great lessening of time, it means a great improvement over past systems—if marked via Cotton Belt. The Thebes Bridge is the connecting link between St. Louis. Until its time it meant traffic over a single track, or in less magnitude by river. To-day it means a double track for a goodly distance on the line from the river westward. At that the general configuration of the country is favorable to the expansion of modern railroading, for the Cotton Belt engineers have already determined that its right-of-way is along the mean of lowest grade to the Southwest, and along much of this profitable distance the road-bed has been relaid with 75 and 85-pound steel rails. With this increase in extent and quality of equipment, it is but a matter of very little time until the Cotton Belt and the Thebes Bridge will be the dominant factors in the railroad situation of the territory the company is steadily pre-empting.

THE STOCK MARKET

Wall street's speculative movements were devoid of special interest or significance in the past week. They reflected chiefly, an apathetic attitude on the part of the public, scattered, small liquidation, and a lack of aggressive confidence in the bull camp as to the immediate future of the financial position. Transactions shrank until they fell to sales of about 185,000 shares a day, the smallest for many month past, if exception be made of Saturdays, when there is only a half day's trading. Interest centered in a few issues, well known for their susceptibilities to "pool" operations and volatile propensities. The apparent settlement of the Equitable squabble gave prices a firmer tendency.

Amalgamated Copper proved the chief attraction. It slid up and down in a fashion so quick and marked as to enable every shrewd, nimble trader to earn his bread and butter almost every day by opportunistic "scalping." The concern's first annual report is still being actively, well-nigh heatedly, discussed in the purlieus of the speculative mart. It contains ample food for reflection for both sides. It intimates more than it directly reveals. One has to read between the lines to grasp its main import and value. On its surface, it bears an aspect of nonchalant honesty of purpose on the part of the directory. It strives to convey pleasing, reassuring impressions. The management evidently thought it the better policy to emulate the praiseworthy example of the United States Steel Corporation, which has been publishing fairly intelligible annual statements ever since its organization. For this timely, urgently needed concession the company deserves full credit, though one would have desired more definiteness and lucidity in regard to a few important items. The company has at last cut loose from its "blind pool" moorings. One of the most interesting pieces of information contained in the report is this: "A fluctuation in the price received for the product of one year, between 11.70 and 16.50 cents per pound (the highest and lowest prices during the past five years) means a difference to a copper company of the magnitude of the Amalgamated Copper of \$9,700,000 in annual net earnings, or over 6 per cent on the capital stock." Further on, it is announced that "at the present time, the status of the company, and the position of the metal market are more satisfactory than at any time since the early part of 1901." Notwithstanding this latter cheering bit of information, the professionals seemed disposed to sell the stock for both long and short discount. But the price rebounded sharply after every depression. From this the inference was drawn that the short interest was of extensive proportions, that, in fact, insiders themselves had miscalculated the course of the shares after the giving out of the report. The cash on hand (\$2,756,000), was regarded as being of too

slender proportions to warrant talk of a robustly strong financial position. However, it may be taken for granted that, for a while to come, the bears will be somewhat careful in handling Amalgamated, no matter what pharisaical, fakish Lawson may have to emit in the way of calamity shrieks between now and the inception of the next hot bull movement. Still, the wise-acres among the sports continue to advise sales of Amalgamated on all the "hard spots."

Judging by Pittsburg advices and the last summary of the *Iron Age*, dullness and a waiting attitude still characterize the iron and steel trade. Pig iron production is decidedly on the downgrade. It is now estimated to be at the rate of only 1,500,000 tons per month, as against about 2,000,000 tons but a month or two ago. Prices are weakening, though not to any serious extent. The general impression in well-informed circles is, that the foundations of the iron market remain sound and firm, and that there will again be greater activity in the fall months. The United States Steel corporation is said to be making fairly successful efforts to increase its shipments to European markets in order to offset the falling off in its exports to Canada, caused by the imposition of higher duties on its products by the Dominion government.

The Union Bag and Paper Co. has voted to authorize an issue of \$5,000,000 25-year 5 per cent bonds. The money to be derived therefrom it intends to devote to the purchase of additional timber lands, improvements and refunding purposes. This issue will hardly tend to inject new life and strength into the shares of this concern, which, some years ago, used to sell like "hot cakes," and to cut quite a swath in the estimation of certain St. Louis financiers of prominence.

The *American Agriculturist* places the deterioration in the condition of winter wheat since May 1st at about three points. This is about what had been expected by every sensible person not connected with the bull clique on the Chicago Board of Trade. The government's estimate of winter wheat condition on May 1st was 92.5. The estimate about to be issued by the Washington authorities regarding the condition of spring and winter wheat on June 1st will not be such as to cause a bullish outbreak in the markets. The *Agriculturist* places the spring wheat condition at 95, which is materially above the ten-year average. It will take most unfavorable weather in the next six weeks to justify anything like a sharp upturn in quotations. It will be remembered that spring wheat showed a deterioration in condition of 22 per cent in July, 1903, of 31 per cent in 1900, and of 21 per cent in 1896. Barring any grave turn in spring wheat condition between now and August 1st, this year's wheat crop should be of record-breaking dimensions. Kansas alone promises to have a yield of 85,-

Fruit Growers Special Train To Texas.

Will leave St. Louis over Cotton Belt Route, Tuesday, June 20th, at 8:00 p. m., for a trip through the wonderful fruit and truck district of Eastern Texas.

The party will be headed by many eminent horticulturists, from the states of Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin and Kansas. Object will be to study fruit and truck conditions in the East Texas country at the height of the picking and shipping season.

This will be the biggest event of the kind ever undertaken—an invasion of the Texas fruit and truck country by Northern growers, who will be roundly entertained.

Reduced rates from St. Louis and from points on all railroads with connections for St. Louis. Special train will run on fast schedule and carry standard and tourist sleepers and chair cars. Everybody interested in fruit or truck growing will be welcomed. Make your arrangements at once and don't miss the great trip. Call or write for itinerary, cost of trip and other particulars.



COTTON BELT ROUTE,
909 Olive St., Or Equitable Bldg.,
E. W. LaBeaume, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis.

H. WOOD,
President.

RICH'D B. BULLOCK,
Vice-President.

W. E. BERGER,
Cashier.

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We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

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WHITAKER & COMPANY,

BOND AND STOCK BROKERS.

Investment Securities a Specialty

Direct Private Wire to New York.

300 N. FOURTH STREET,

ST. LOUIS,

Condensed Official Statement of the Financial Condition of

Mississippi Valley Trust Company.

ST. LOUIS.

Under Call of Secretary of State, at the Close of Business May 29, 1905.

RESOURCES.

Loans	\$12,353,985.72
Bonds and Stocks	9,350,784.31
Real Estate	422,206.98
Overdrafts	938.91
Safety Deposit Vaults	72,000.00
Cash and Exchange	5,626,499.68
All Other Resources	39,559.00
	\$27,865,974.00

JULIUS S. WALSH, President.

LIABILITIES.

Capital	\$ 3,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	5,421,648.53
Deposits	18,646,937.17
Municipal Bond Loan Account	659,000.00
Reserve for Interest on Savings Accounts	50,000.00
Reserve for Taxes	38,000.00
Reserve for Reinsurance of Liability as Surety on Outstanding Bonds	45,246.77
All Other Liabilities	5,142.13
	\$27,865,974.00

JAMES E. BROCK, Secretary.

000,000 bushels of winter wheat, though some estimate its crop at only 70,000,000 bushels.

In the last few days stocks rose a bit in New York, as well as in Europe, on the favorable outlook for a speedy cessation of hostilities in the East. Both Russian and Japanese bonds are buoyant at this writing. For the first time the 4 per cent obligations of Nippon have risen above the level of Muscovite 4s. The markets will, doubtless, be firmer, and inclined to go higher for a little while to come. After the peace treaty has been signed, there will come a moderate reaction on profit-taking. Much of the late advance has been based on sentiment and fanciful expectations as to vast economic benefits to result from the furling of battle-flags in Manchuria. The Morocco and Sweden-Norway imbroglios promise to be

settled amicably. The resignation of Delcasse has had a good effect on European Bourses.

Last Saturday's bank statement furnished some comfort to bulls. It still remains true, however, that bank reserves in New York are ominously small for this time of the year, and with the crop-moving period not very far off. Large transfers of currency to San Francisco and New Orleans have lately been recorded. The outflow of money from New York to the interior, to begin toward the middle of September, will, no doubt, be materially larger than it was in 1904, for reasons that are perfectly obvious. All this would warrant the belief that the money-market will gradually grow harder from now on, unless the loan account should be materially cut down, or European

SUMMER CRUISES

During June, July and August

To **NORWAY**
To the **NORTH CAPE**
and **SPITZBERGEN**

To **SCOTLAND**, the **ORKNEY** and
SHETLAND ISLES,
NORWAY, and **ICELAND**

Around the British Isles

To the Principal Seaside Resorts of
GERMANY, **ENGLAND**, **BELGIUM**,
SPAIN, **FRANCE**, and **HOLLAND**,
by the Twin-Screw Steamers "PRIN-
CESSIN VICTORIA LUISE," "MOLTER,"
"HAMBURG," and "METZGER."

For itineraries, rates, etc., apply
HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
901 Olive St., ST. LOUIS.
or any local agent.

**Burlington
Route**

Round Trip to

PORTLAND

On Sale Daily—Return Limit 90 Days

For Particulars, Call at

Ticket Office, Broadway and Olive St. or Union Station,

Or write W. A. LALOR, A. G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

\$52^{.50}

Round Trip Excursion Rates

FROM ST. LOUIS

Via **B. & O. S.-W.** (Baltimore & Ohio
Southwestern R. R.)

Asbury Park (via New York if
desired). Going, June 29
and 30, July 1 and 2. Return
Limit, July 10.....\$24.35
(Privilege of extension to Aug. 31.)

Asheville, N. C.
Going, Every Day.
Return Limit, Oct. 31.....\$20.50

Baltimore
Going, July 2, 3 and 4
Return Limit, July 15.....\$21.25
(Privilege of extension to Aug. 31.)

Bristol, Tenn.
Going, Every Day.
Return Limit, Oct. 31.....\$19.60

Chautauqua Lake, N. Y.
Going, July 7; Return Limit, Aug. 8
Going, July 28; Return Limit,
Aug. 29.....\$19.25

Chautauqua Lake, N. Y.
Going, Every Day.
Return Limit, Oct. 31.....\$28.30

Deer Park, Md.
Going, Every Day.
Return Limit, Oct. 31.....\$27.15

Hamilton, Ohio.
Going, June 30, July 1.
Return Limit, July 5.....\$9.25

French Lick Springs, Ind.
(West Baden)
Going, Every Day. 10 day
Limit.....\$8.80

Going, Every Day. 3 months
Limit.....\$11.60

Louisville, Ky.
Going, June 13 and 14.
Return Limit, June 17.....\$6.50
(Privilege of extension to July 10.)

Going, July 30 and 31.
Return Limit, August 10....\$8.25

Pittsburg
Going, Every Day.
Return Limit, Oct. 31.....\$22.95

Pittsburg
Going, August 18 and 19.
Return Limit, Aug. 28....\$15.00

Philadelphia
Going, Sept. 15, 16 and 17.
Return Limit, Sept. 25....\$22.00
(Privilege of extension to Oct. 5.)

Saylor Springs, Ill.
Going, Every Day.
Return Limit, 3 months....\$6.25

For additional information, sleeping car reservations,
descriptive literature, etc., call at Ticket Office, Olive
and Sixth Streets, or address

F. D. GILDERSLEEVE, A. G. P. A.,
St. Louis, Mo.

The Grand **Wm. Schaefer,**
Proprietor.

N. W. Corner 6th and Pine Streets,

Finest Bar and Billiard

Hall in the West

STRICTLY MODERN AND FIRST-CLASS

IN EVERY RESPECT.

banks loan out more funds in Wall
street.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There's nothing particular to chronicle about the St. Louis market. Prices continue to move narrowly, dully. The prevailing disposition is to let stocks alone for a while. Holders are not anxious to sell, perhaps, because the market is too narrow to absorb large offerings without experiencing a sinking spell. Brokers report a very small investment demand in bonds, but look for decided improvement towards the fall months.

Missouri-Lincoln seems to be the only trust company stock in which there is any special activity. In the last few days some pressure to sell it could be noticed at times. The present price is 143. Bank of Commerce is offering at 325, for State National 179 is bid, 181 asked, for St. Louis-Union 385 is asked, for Mercantile 383 is bid, 390 asked, for Third National 320 is bid 325 asked.

United Railways common didn't sell of late. It is quoted at 29¾ bid, 30 asked, while the preferred is offered at 81, with 80½ bid. The 4 per cent bonds are selling at their old price of 89.

St. Louis Brewing 6s are changing hands at 100¼. There is a better inquiry for these bonds, buyers being attracted by the good rate of interest they pay, and the seeming security of the investment. For Cotton Compress shares 60 is bid, 62 asked. National Candy common is sliding downward. It is now offering at 8¾, with no bids at all. For the second preferred 78 is asked, no bids. For Consolidated Coal 32 is asked. Chicago Railway Equipment is lower, with about 6¾ bid, 7 asked. This is a splendid stock to fight shy of.

Bank clearances continue to exceed last year's record. Money is increasing in demand, with rates from 5 to 6 per cent on good collateral. Drafts on New York have risen again. The present quotation is 50 bid, 55 asked. Sterling is steady at 4.87½.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Stockholder, Abilene, Kan.—Would advise holding Chesapeake & Ohio. Sooner or later you will be given a chance to get out of it.

R. M., St. Charles, Mo.—Better sell your Enameling common. North American you might continue to hold for a while, but sell on next spurt.

I. B. J., Logansport, Ind.—Let Kansas City Southern alone for the present. Won't run away from you. Beware of getting hot over every little advance. The stock market will be with us a few years longer, it seems.



Through Car Lines

—TO—

CHICAGO

OMAHA

ST. PAUL

DETROIT

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MINNEAPOLIS

TOLEDO

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BOSTON

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SUMMER EXCURSIONS BIG FOUR ROUTE

AND

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RY.

REGULAR SUMMER EXCURSIONS on sale every day, good returning until October 31st, to the mountain and seashore resorts of Virginia and West Virginia.

HALF RATE PLUS \$2.00 TO MANY POINTS IN VIRGINIA AND THE CAROLINAS. Sold only on the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Good returning for 21 days from date of sale.

\$21.25 BALTIMORE AND RETURN. Sold July 2, 3, 4. Limit can be extended to August 31st.

\$24.35 ASBURY PARK, N. J., AND RETURN VIA NEW YORK. Sold June 29, 30, July 1, 2. Limit can be extended to Aug. 31.

\$31.85 ASBURY PARK AND RETURN VIA NORFOLK, VA., and OLD DOMINION LINE OCEAN STEAMERS. Includes meals and berths between Norfolk and New York both ways.

\$42.25 OR \$44.75 NEW YORK AND BACK, Circuit Tour through Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, or via Norfolk, Va., and Old Dominion ocean steamer to New York, up the Hudson river by boat to Albany, rail to Niagara Falls, rail or lake to Cleveland, rail to St. Louis. Includes meals and berth on ocean steamer. Sold every day. Good returning until October 31st.

SHORT OCEAN TRIPS ONE WAY,

\$23.50 ST. LOUIS TO NEW YORK via Norfolk and Old Dominion ocean steamer. Meals and berth on ship included.

\$25.50 ST. LOUIS TO BOSTON via Norfolk and Merchants' and Miners' ocean steamers. Meals and berth on ship included. Three days at sea.

LIBERAL STOP-OVERS ON ALL OF THESE TICKETS.

E. B. POPE, Western Passgr. Agt. C. & O. Ry.
BIG FOUR TICKET OFFICE, Corner Broadway and Chestnut.

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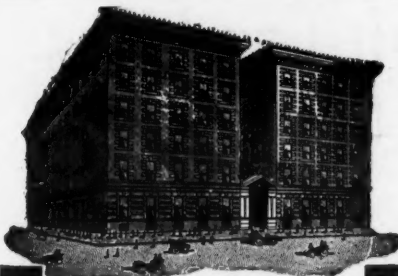
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BEAUTIOLA*The Perfect Beautifier.*

Beautiola is the only harmless preparation that completely obliterates all facial blemishes, traces of care, worry, illness and exposure. After a few applications of Beautiola, beauty of youth returns, and age falls like a mantle from the face, leaving the skin soft, clear and velvety, not a wrinkle or blemish remains. Beautiola is endorsed by Doctors, Chemists and Expert Dermatologists. Makes ladies as youthful at forty and fifty as they were at twenty; used by men with same wonderful results. It removes the worst cases of Brown, Liver Spots, Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, Wrinkles, Scars, Small-Pox Pittings and Disfiguring Eruptions. Guaranteed. Price 50c. Send 2-cent stamp for beauty booklet.

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Anybody who goes much into society must inevitably meet some persons who are perfectly congenial. There are only a few rare and unworldly souls who do not, married or unmarried, from time to time encounter those who attract dangerously. It is possible that the full force of this affinity is not at first appreciated; but most human beings, even when very young, detect the first symptoms of rising passion. Then is the time to stop, and stop short, when a married man or woman is involved. Do not think that your emotions can be concealed. What is it that Shakespeare says? Something like this "A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid. Love's night is noon."

The only recourse is to flight, and, as the wise counselor remarked, "Six months"—or less—"of absence will generally cure the trouble."—*Kate Upson Clarke in Leslie's Weekly.*

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